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MISUNDERSTOOD AMERICA

By VICE-PRESIDENT THOMAS H. MARSHALL

In this timely and comprehensive article, especially written for The FORUM, the Vice-President has set forth some startling facts—facts of vital interest not only to the 4,000,000 aliens of military age here, but to every American seeking the unification of this Nation in its war re-birth towards a great destiny. It is a revelation and message of prophetic import and a stern warning to politicians.

—THE EDITOR.

IT would be extremely surprising if among the readers of The FORUM was found one to disagree with my view that the present war is not only justified by every principle of national and international policy but absolutely inevitable. I do not intend, therefore, to discuss its rightfulness or wrongfulness. National expediency and political safety ended all such discussion with our declaration that a state of war existed between the People and the Government of the United States and the Imperial German Government.

On the 6th day of last April the Congress indicted in the high court of public opinion the Imperial German Government for crimes and misdemeanors against Christian civilization in general and against the American people in particular. The Central Powers have demanded settlement of the controversy, not by arbitration but by the ancient and barbaric method of settlement of disputes—by wager of bat-

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tle. He, therefore, who at this hour wants to discuss the rightfulness or wrongfulness of this war is an unwise, if not an unpatriotic citizen.

The saving common-sense of the average American, regardless of his views on war in general and concerning this one in particular, has crystallized his opinion into a few words very much, perhaps, like these:

"The war is on. One side or the other is going to win it. There is an irrepressible conflict between the views and the objects of the Imperial German Government and the ideas and ideals of the American Republic. If Germany wins, the dream of the pacifist will become the nightmare of despair. It is better for the world that Germany's enemies win. We must win. We will win."

No right-minded man wants to kill the German Emperor or deal unjustly with the German people. Viewing the conduct of the House of Hohenzollern for many years, we are willing that the Emperor shall have his "place in the sun," but only on condition that a liberty-loving American sit beside him to see that his shadow never again brings death and desolation to any living thing. If at the close of this war there still be those who insist on worshiping the Moloch of militarism, we must so safeguard that worship that never again "till the stars grow old and the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold" shall a Son of God or a son of man be offered up an unwilling sacrifice upon his altar.

The war is on. It must be, can be, will be fought to a successful conclusion. Pacifist and socialist, each ought to see that the Land of Peace is forward through the desolation of war, not backward through the broken and deserted highways of democracy.

There are some features of American citizenship which in this hour should be very frankly discussed. To our credit, it may be said that we differ from other peoples. They make mistakes and forget them. We make mistakes, but we have the courage to rectify them. Much of the discontent of this war, lessening each day, is traceable directly to our own errors.

Germans differ in no sense from many other peoples who have come to America. Because they came, we unfortunately decided to teach German in the public schools. We encouraged them to be in the Republic and yet not to be a part of it. We welcomed them to enjoy our institutions and to profit by opportunities found here, and yet we encouraged them to remain separate and apart from the great mass of Americans.

No one has rejoiced more than I at the idea of having the citizenship of the country composed of a blend of the best traits of all the peoples of earth, purified and cleansed of the nationally vicious characteristics of each, but we have suddenly reached a crucial period in our history, a period when there can be only two kinds of citizens—loyal Americans and alien enemies.

DENATURALIZE THEM AND MERGE THEIR PROPERTY

I can well understand that there may be in America a few men of German origin who are so obsessed with the beauties of militarism and who have learned so little about freedom and Republican institutions as to prefer Germany to America. For these I have a great compassion, but my compassion is coupled with the view that, if naturalized citizens, the should be denaturalized and that their property, accumulated under institutions of which they do not approve, should be confiscated to the defense of those institutions; and that they should either leave this country or have the manhood and courage to declare themselves alien enemies of the Republic and suffer themselves to be incarcerated until the close of the war.

As Governor of Indiana, I sent a parole one Christmas to a man in the State Prison, who had been sentenced for failure to support his wife. I attached to the document a condition that he go home, live with his wife and support her. On the morning after Christmas the parole came back with a letter from the Warden, conveying the prisoner's thanks for my kindness, but respectfully declining to accept the pa-

role, with the explanation that he was enjoying more peace in the penetentiary than he ever had in living with the woman he had married.

I have no respect whatever for the man who will live with his wife but who does not properly care for her and support her and who casts innuendoes and aspersions upon her character. I, therefore, have no soft charity for the man of German birth or German extraction who will remain in America, enjoy the privileges and opportunities of American life and yet in secret and overt ways attempts to prevent the furtherance of the ideas and the cause to which America has pledged itself.

The time has arrived when men must make a choice between the fatherland and the step-fatherland; when they must live with, love and support their wives, or leave them and become legally separated from them.

Let us, on our part, begin now the doing of the right thing, not by indiscriminate suspicion of a man because of his blood or name, but by a sober, thoughtful and purposeful intention to weld the great body of our citizenship into an American commonwealth, whose language, both national and in the home, shall be the American language, whose measure of patriotism shall not be the golden metewand of equal and exact justice but the elastic cord of sympathetic sacrifice for our country in her hour of need.

The law of compensation holds good, even in the hour of war. Sometimes the greater the disaster, the greater the blessing. The war's successful close may not leave 100,000,000 American citizens, but whatever citizenship is left will be American. As a people, we will be so united that any man who loves another country more than he loves America will be a marked man. There will be no room for him in social, business, or political life. He might as well come to the mourner's bench and get American religion or leave at once for outer darkness.

Paradoxically, this war, which was inevitable, might have been averted. Had the committees of the great political parties of this country not bent so much of their energies in

the past toward corraling what they were pleased to call the "foreign vote," had they not translated all important speeches and party platforms into a dozen or more languages, had they not given special attention to the newspapers published in foreign tongues, hired linguists to urge the support of candidates, in words unknown to the candidates, had they not recognized "foreign bureaus" as regular headquarters departments for the exclusive benefit of the so-called "foreign vote," sometimes referred to as the "foreign-born vote," the Imperial German Government would never have obtained its perverted view of the real condition of American life. All this was a great national mistake. It gave Europe a false notion concerning us and convinced the chancelleries of the world that we were a wobbly people, divided by dissensions which we could not stem and made impotent by elements of indifference and disloyalty.

The census of 1910 showed that there were in this country at that time nearly 7,000,000 foreign-born males over 21 years of age; that of these only about 3,000,000 were naturalized citizens and that fewer than 600,000 of the balance had expressed legal intention of becoming citizens. Incidentally it should be noted in fairness that, of all groups, the Germans showed the smallest percentage of alien residents, only 9 per cent being reported positively as unnaturalized or without first papers.

THE MENACE OF 4,000,000 VOTING ALIENS OF ARM-BEARING AGE

It is probably safe to estimate that today in this country there are 4,000,000 males of voting and largely of arm-bearing age, who are aliens. They are enjoying all the financial benefits of our institutions, but cannot be called on to defend the country. Instead, they represent potential war complications and problems of great seriousness.

The politician, in a way, has been to blame in appealing to the foreign vote. In another way, he has not been to blame for the lack of naturalization, because he was sought to ex-

pedite the process of naturalization ahead of the process of absorption. We were far more interested in our immigrants becoming citizens than in their becoming good loyal Americans.

By way of parenthesis, I may remark that from this time forward no person ought to be permitted to vote in any of the States of the Union who is not a full American citizen, speaking, reading and writing, at home and elsewhere, the English language and who has not given every evidence of having renounced, in spirit as well as in form, all allegiance to and faith in any other system of government than ours.

Some may be surprised to learn than in nine of our States American citizenship is not even required as a voting qualification. All an immigrant of comparatively brief residence in any of these States has to do, in order to have as much voting power in choosing a President as I have, is to merely declare his intention of becoming a citizen. My own State of Indiana is one of the nine States, and perhaps the most lax of all. Any foreigner by a residence of one year in the country and six months in the State, who has declared his intention of becoming a citizen, may qualify for the exercise of the elective franchise.

We took no trouble to protest against dual citizenship—which is hardly dual citizenship—until recently enacted Federal legislation. We let them vote, with full knowledge of their right, which meant our consent that, whenever they chose to do so, they could repudiate their American citizenship by appearing before a consul of their native land and becoming alien enemies.

A REFORM IN OUR VOTING LAWS NECESSARY

Thus we have in this country right now many thousands of men who are held by the war authorities to be alien enemies and are treated as such, even in some cases being interned, who, according to the laws of the State in which they happen to reside, have as much legal right to vote for a president or congressman as you or I. There are more than

3,000 such twilight citizen-enemies in my own State, according to the last census.

At the time this article appears formal war will have been declared against one of the allies of the Imperial German Government, and this anomalous situation will be thereby greatly broadened. So thoughtless and indifferent had we been to the shrinking of the ocean by steam and electricity that we rejoiced everywhere to observe business being conducted and social energies evinced under the hyphenates of British-American, German-American, Franco-American, Italio-American, etc. It was not thought necessary to require the use of the official language in family and social life. We rather discouraged than encouraged the use of English. As I previously stated, we provided for the teaching of native languages in the public schools sheltering the children of foreigners.

All this and more we did because we never dreamed of European complications. We had few whom we were pleased to denominate just plain, old-fashioned American citizens. Within my knowledge, learned and patriotic senators have debated with zeal whether it was German, Irish or American citizens who won our freedom in the American Revolution.

But the politicians have not been exclusively to blame for this condition of affairs. The people rule in this country. They can have any kind of a government and enjoy any kind of politics they want. In the final analysis, they were responsible for the methods of politicians, who met behind closed doors and figured on how to catch the German-American vote, the Irish-American vote and other hyphenated votes, because it was considered safe and proper to make direct appeals to those votes.

THEY THOUGHT WE WERE A DIVIDED NATION

All these things were known in the chancelleries of the world, and particularly by the Imperial German Government. It, therefore, figured that we were so divided that any

sort of conduct which it chose to impose upon our persons and upon our property could not and would not raise any objection by the American people. Had we been a cohesive, American citizenship, with no hyphenates among us whatever—and I do not use the term disrespectfully, because we have been quite as much to blame as the foreign-born citizens—the Lusitania or the Arabic or the Sussex would not have been sent to the bottom of the seas.

Had the German Emperor ever dreamed that we would pass immediately from a system of volunteer military service to one of conscription and that in 27 days $5,000,000,000 would be subscribed for the support of the Government in this war, no "overt act" would ever have been committed by his government against us. Had we struck when the irons were hot from the fire and welded our citizenship into Americanism, this war would not have come—at this particular time.

Yet, I insist that this war was inevitable. Had it not come now, it would have come later, because certain things are not subject to arbitration. Great, fixed and vital principles of government, which go to the root of nations can not always be submitted to the decision of a mere board. Whether people should choose their own rulers and manage their own affairs, or whether the holy oil of consecration, poured upon the head of some strong, ambitious and powerful man can run down through generations onto the beard of a madman and empower him to rule by right divine, are such far-separated ideals of government that the only way, in my judgment, in which they can forever be settled is by that appeal which William of Germany has made, to the sword.

And so, out of the disastrous conduct of the people and the politicians of America in the past will come the great blessing of not only uniting the American people under no other name than that of plain American, with an utter disregard of blood, or race, or faith, but will also come the settlement of the world problem as to the rights of a people to take charge of their own government.

THE SPLENDID SACRIFICE OF BUSINESS AND SOCIAL CLASSES

Another good thing to come out of this war is that we will have proven the world-wide sneer against us not to be true. The world has thought of us for many years as a mere money-grubbing race—seekers after pleasure, ease, comfort, enjoyment. Never in the history of the world has there been such self-sacrificing devotion to principle as the American people have displayed in the last six months. I stand amazed at the sight of the splendid sacrifice being made by the business and social life of America. In a moment, in a twinkling of an eye, we strip ourselves of all our personal desires and put on the armor of loyalty and devotion to the principles of the Republic. Paul saw no greater light on his way to Damascus than the business men of America have seen on their way to Washington.

Now we all realize that with every right goes a responsibility and that there can be no liberty in this world without great obligation. We have found out that there is a vast deal of difference between our rights and our powers and we are coming to distinguish between them. We are observing that, simply because we can, does not imply that we ought. And, not only with reference to its effect upon the war, but with reference to its effect on the future life of this people after the war, has this sudden shock been of inestimable benefit to us.

We shall not change our policy of making this the Land of Opportunity for all the weary, down-trodden, and oppressed of earth, but we shall insist that, in obtaining this opportunity, they shall also become thoroughly imbued with the great and vital principles of the Republic, and that it is a haven of refuge for those who have grown weary of Old-World ideas and who hope to be benefited far more in their political and social than they are to be in their financial condition.

As always, the politician must take the lead in these affairs. No man will be worthy of the countenance of American people who from this time forward seeks to advance his partisan cause in any way than by a straight, truthful and

high-minded appeal to just plain, every-day, unvarnished American citizens.

WHAT POLITICS HAS DONE

When the history of the future shall describe this period it gives me great pleasure to put in print my view that, up to this hour, you will have little fault to find with the great majority of the politicians to whom public service has been entrusted. No legislative body in the history of the world has accomplished things so immense and far-reaching in character in a half-dozen years' effort, as did the last Congress during its six months' session. It virtually said to those whose duty it is to conduct the war: "Here's all the money you want; here's all the men you want; here's all the authority you want—go ahead and win this war as quickly as possible."

Partisanship has been cast aside in the main. So far as I am concerned, I shall begin to pay my political debts only when I discover some Republican using the war for that purpose. I have seen so much splendid self-sacrifice on the part of men whom I have freely criticized heretofore that I stand dumb and speechless most of the time in the presence of mere partisan politics.

These are war times, and no time for petty bickerings or the advocacy of any domestic measures on which the people may be divided. Nothing should be brought into our national life at this time that will weaken the energies of the country in successfully prosecuting this world war. If I can subordinate my democracy—and if there ever was a rock-ribbed, hide-bound democrat, I claim the distinction—certainly we can all defer needless agitation of inconsequential hobbies until the pending world conflict over democracy has been brought to a victorious end.

Preventable, it could not be prevented. It was inevitable. After listening to the great men of the nation and the great men of the world, I am convinced that this war had to be fought and fought to a finish, to safeguard democracy and

to check the mastering ambitions and insolent power of autocracy.

THE WAR MUST BE FOUGHT TO A FINISH

It is not a Democratic war, nor a Republican war. It is not even a Wall Street war. Proportionately, there are as many rich men's sons as poor men's sons in the army, and the rich are paying far more than the poor in the support and maintenance of the Government in these trying hours. It is just a plain American war, and in carrying it on our people are going to forget race, blood and religion in being true Americans. Intense partisanship and rivalries have been turned to ashes in the fire of this war and men are getting closer together than they have ever been before.

Whatever you may say about blood or race going into the make-up of this people, one thing is essentially true—however you may call it, whether Anglo-Saxon or Anglo-Celtic, it is English in its mental make-up, in that it never faces an emergency until the emergency arises.

Three years ago no Congressman would have dared to vote $2,000,000,000 for preparedness. It would not have been worth while to put his name upon the ticket at the last election, had he done so. This year the only danger from the public wrath lay in refusing to vote $20,000,000,000 for defense and offense. The English mind meets and grapples with a situation when it arises rather than to prepare for it, and yet somehow, that mind has kept blundering on and blundering on through the centuries from Runnymede to now, enlarging the liberties of mankind, increasing its opportunities and daring to defend the rights of man.

Unfortunately, next year there must be held, by the Constitution of our Government, a political election. I hope the rivalries and controversies will be as mild and inoffensive as they properly can be. You may depend upon it that they will be based on one fundamental premise, about which there will be no disagreement, and that will be the great national aim and determination to win this war. There may be differences as to how the end may best be achieved, but there

will be no question, as far as the two great parties are concerned, over the justice of our cause or our willingness to devote to it our lives, our fortunes and our most sacred honor.

For myself, I am willing to wait until peace comes to determine what the terms of peace shall be. I have no fear of the President, the Congress, or the American people. No one can convince me that the nation which accorded the treatment we gave to Cuba, will, at the close of the present war, offer any nation other than unselfish, generous and brotherly treatment, in full spirit and accord with the Golden Rule.

What our people need to learn now is not about the terms of peace but about the virtues of patience. The Government has an immense task in front of it. It undertook that task with no preparation. Men and supplies cannot be sent across the ocean over-night. Publicity regarding many operations of the Government would be as helpful to the enemy as reassuring to us. There can be and there are soldiers who never shoulder a gun nor fire a shot. They are the men who meet the description of the Apostle Paul as to the type of soldier when he said, " and having done all, to stand."

It is hard for us to wait; for us not to know all the things we would like to know; but all of us in civil life can be good soldiers of the Republic in being patient with the Government, in standing in our places, in being ready to be called for America and against her enemies, in being ready to do and to dare, and, if needs be, to die that the most sacred possession of all the ages and of all history—the American Republic shall not become another of that long line of republics whose ruins strew the pathway of the past.

JOSEPHUS A. DANIELS— AND THE NAVY

By EDWIN WILDMAN

SHELLING the Navy has been a favorite pastime of the critics for years, and no man in public life has been the target of severer attack than the present Secretary. But the critics are not barking so loud now, and the busy gossips are short on rations.

When it was called upon to meet the supreme test of war, the Navy was found ready—sound to the core, highly efficient, prepared for action. Officers and men went into service with the self-confidence that results from thorough training and discipline. From admirals to firemen, they demonstrated the American spirit that results in the "team-work" required throughout the service to make fighting ships effective.

The Fleet, from super-dreadnoughts to submarines, was shipshape. Every battleship and cruiser that was in reserve was, in record time, fully manned and commissioned. Hundreds of yachts, fishing vessels, fast motor craft and other types needed for submarine-chasing, coast defence and auxiliary service were acquired.

Hundreds of submarine-chasers were built. Contracts were given for every destroyer the American yards could turn out. Work was rushed on all types of war-craft and new records in construction were made.

The Navy has grown at a rate that would have been deemed impossible a year ago. The charts and statements of the alarmists and captious critics a year ago read like ancient history. They never tired of pointing out that our Navy had "declined" to fourth or fifth place among the navies of the world. You don't hear any of that talk today.

The "Greater Navy" is no longer a dream but a fact. There are now in the service of the Navy some 265,000 men, including Marines, reserves and the members of the Coast Guard; and more than 15,000 officers—a total of over 280,000. When we recall that the German navy when the war began in 1914 had only 79,197 officers and men and the British navy at that time had but 150,609, ten thousand less than the enlisted strength of our regular Navy today, it seems that we are getting a rather sizable personnel. A year ago there were 68,000 enlisted men in the U. S. Navy. When Mr. Daniels became Secretary there were only 47,347.

OUR HUGE CONSTRUCTION PROGRAM

There are three times as many vessels in service as there were a year ago, and hundreds of others under construction. When the program now under way is completed, we will have the largest number of modern destroyers of any nation in the world. We now have in service the largest battleships afloat and are building still bigger ones. This huge construction program is being carried out rapidly, new records in construction have been made. In the past year and a half $1,905,410,930 has been appropriated for the Navy—more than the total of all appropriations from the beginning of the "new Navy" in 1883 to 1911—28 years. Mr. Daniels asks for $1,039,660,502 for the coming year—and he will get it.

And all this has been, or is being, done under the direction of Secretary Daniels whom the howlers told us was "ruining the Navy." And it has been done without any change whatever being necessary in the organization he had built up during the years of peace. It not only stood the strain, but easily "speeded up" under the war emergency.

THREW THE RUBBER STAMP OUT THE WINDOW

When Daniels was called to the Navy, he put on his jumpers and started something.

When the newspaperman (lawyer and ex-government official) took the Navy job, he threw a rubber stamp out of the window. It was a well-worn rubber stamp and it bore the name of the Secretary of the Navy. Its function was over and the obsequious clerk who was wont to say, "Sign here," lost his job.

"I'm going to know this job from top to bottom. I'm going into every nook and cranny of the naval defenses of Uncle Sam, and I'm going to make an American Navy," said Daniels.

The bureaucrats held up their hands in holy horror; the steel and munitions people got their heads together; officers sniffed; the rocking-chair admirals around Washington smiled complacently, and the public said, "Poof!"

Daniels couldn't see why the Navy should be an undemocratic institution in a democratic government. He failed to see why it should pay exorbitant profits to the armor-plate manufacturers and munitions makers. He started to find out why it was not more popular with the youth of the nation. And he determined to remedy all these things.

Daniels has always been a fighter, and doesn't care how much opposition he arouses, if he is sure he is in the right. He is a simon-pure democrat—in the broad sense. He is deeply and sincerely religious, but not a fanatic. He does not drink or smoke. He is an efficiency man.

He set out to make the Navy clean, clear-eyed, snappy, efficient—a place where a mother could send her boy and hope to have him return as decent as she sent him. A place where the nation could put a youth and get him back to industry, equipped to do a man's job.

WHY "THEY" GOT AFTER DANIELS

He swept alcohol off the table—so the whisky people threw bottles of words at him; he made training stations and their environments clean—so evil forces tried to besmirch him. He turned ships in port and ships at sea into training schools—so they said he was "making school masters" of

captains and admirals. He went after the collusive bidders for armor-plate and they turned their batteries on him. He found that American made armor-plate was costing Uncle Sam millions of dollars more than the same armor-plate was costing England and France, Brazil and Russia—so he threatened to put a few Big Men in prison and he had the evidence of the law behind him to do it. So they "got apart" and bid down to competitive prices. He found a Navy so case-hardened by caste that a petty officer could hardly penetrate the dead line of official promotion beyond chief warrant officer. He found that the recruited man had little chance, not enough future, in the Navy. He found good men behind that dead wall, and he found that smart boys shied at Naval service because they could never hope to go up to the top ranks as in other professions open to them in a republic.

Daniels gave the boy an opportunity. He took his Annapolis-trained officers and made them train the youth of the American Navy. He opened the door to promotion.

The Navy, he held, is the most highly specialized of trades or professions. A modern battleship is the greatest piece of machinery in the world; a gun crew, about the best example of "team work" you can find anywhere.

"Shall we trust a $22,000,000 dreadnought in the hands of liquor drinkers? Shall we trust a ship defended by a gun crew in the hands of untrained or only partly specialized men? Shall we endanger our transports and merchantmen to the peril of the submarine by entrusting our guns to poorly trained men? Shall we put our destroyers in the hands of men who are blocked in their ambitions by the dead wall of caste? We want a Navy with spirit and pep and opportunity." That's Daniels.

Intensive, specialized training schools were opened aboard battleships, in coast ports, at Hampton Roads, at Great Lakes, in colleges—and the rocking chair naval donothings at Washington were put to work and sent to sea. Today there are facilities in the Navy for training 113,000 American boys. They get every kind of training—a sort of a general education—besides the intense training of the naval

specialty they are equipped for. At Harvard there is the largest radio training school in the world; at Great Lakes, Ill., there are 18,000 enlisted men in training for the ships that are slipping out week by week from our yards. And there are a score of other stations and many other schools for every trade and work in the service.

THE SUBMARINE HUNTING JOB

The task of hunting submarines, and sinking them, is the biggest game in the annals of sportsmanship. Take your two arms and elevate them above your head and clinch your fists—that's about all a gun crew can see—a mile and a half away—and the lives of our soldiers rest with the accuracy and co-ordination of the gun crew, unless there is a destroyer close by to give the U-boat chase. The highest attainable speed of the German U-boat is twelve miles submerged. The destroyer makes thirty-two. Today the American Navy has a pill to drop into the U-boat's sea stomach—a depth bomb, the combined invention of the American and British inventors. When the destroyer gives chase to the discovered U-boat, it races at thirty-two miles an hour, toward it, and sends down one of these depth bombs containing 350 pounds of the most high powered explosive, in the proximity of the U-boat. The depth bomb shakes the sea with terriffic force. It is an accurately timed and highly developed piece of ordnance. When it explodes it shakes the water in the vicinity of the U-boat, with a hammer-like blow, destroying the fine mechanism of the under-sea craft and if not actually sinking it, destroying its life—its efficiency.

"We have not wiped out the U-boat menace," says Daniels, " but we have put a punch into U-boat warfare that has materially decreased the sinkings by submarines in those waters in which our destroyers are operating. We can claim only our share of the credit; we are doing team work with the ships of the Allies."

The German merchant marine has been driven from the seas. There is not a German vessel afloat except in the

Baltic and behind Heligoland. The American Navy has not lost a transport going over and but one returning. "The Germans don't like our destroyers and our methods, but our boys take to the game of U-boat hunting with marvelous alacrity and aptitude," says the Secretary.

The U-boat was not, at the beginning of the war, of the importance it has since assumed. Germany had only 48 U-boats, not the hundreds accredited to her by some, but when she found herself with a weapon that could be used against English commerce, she started her ruthlessness. After the break with Germany the President decided that we must arm our merchantmen. Quietly and without heeding the carpings of critics, the Navy, before war was declared by the United States, set about arming hundreds of merchant vessels. It was confronted with a shortage of guns, and a shortage of men trained in small-gun work. Secretary Daniels established the Armed Guard Service, now, next to the destroyers, the most important branch of our submarine war service. Officers and guns were taken from war vessels, hundreds of men were put in special training, ordnance was rushed, gun mounts were rushed upon merchant ships, and independent commands given to petty officers who had never before had such responsibilities. Gun practice reverberated through the land. The first great work of arming our merchant ships was accomplished with surprising alacrity and efficiency. The result, all the world knows. The sinkings of American ships have been perhaps the smallest in proportion to any sailing through the submarine zone.

THE TASK OF SPEEDING UP

Daniels's task was manifold. New factories, new engines, new machines, had to be built. Ship-building companies had to be financed, loaned government money, speeded up to three shifts a day, so that instead of building a destroyer in twenty-two months, one could be turned out in half that time. This was Daniels' and Chief Constructor David W. Taylor's work—and it was a sixteen-hour-a-day

job. Aside from this work, hundreds of submarine-chasers were built. The chasers are effective where they operate in foreign waters; they keep the submarines down—they pester them, but it is the destroyers that are doing the work, and our destroyers, which are now practically standardized—are the highest type; "equal, if not superior, to the best of the nations," naval experts say.

Josephus Daniels has done things for the American Navy not written on any books. He has put the spirit of co-operating democracy into it. He has taken care of the boys, as well as the officers. He has gone to their training camps and chatted with them, he has received them in his office and sat down and talked it over with them; he has told them that if any man receives injustice, full investigation will follow—and it has. He has made the Navy a clean, healthful navy. He has hammered mayors and local authorities near training camps, pressing federal power to enforce wholesome conditions. He has given the naval boys a chance for healthful recreation, an opportunity to study and learn things not taught in the machine shop or in the forecastle. Daniels has gone into the nooks and cleaned them out for the boys; he has gone into the crannies and swept away the rocking chair blood-suckers of fat pay and inaction.

DANIELS NOT THE WORRYING KIND

And while doing this he has been under fire—probably under as severe fire and criticism and ridicule as any man ever holding a big government job. But it doesn't worry him. He is not the worrying kind. "When the big things go wrong," he says, "that's the time to worry; don't worry about the little things—they don't bother me."

His faults—and he is presumably not without them, being a human being—are surface ones. They are obvious and easily the target of small minds; for Daniels's middle name is democratic. There's no red tape about him, or methods. He can receive a sailor boy in the same room with an admiral or a captain of industry—and he does it. He can talk to a

mother and comfort her, or give the cryptic, ever beaming smile to a contractor trying to put something over.

He is thorough—he goes through the department like a ferret. He goes to the bottom and he doesn't O. K. at the top until he knows everything is all right. Too, he is a man of system—he has installed or authorized the installation of the most perfectly working mechanical labor saving devices in the Navy Department. He picks men who are efficient. He doesn't care for the regular line promotions unless they bring him efficiency. He has picked his own heads of departments. He trusts them but watches them.

"I want to know what is going on," is his word, and everyone reports to him; all conclusive matters back up to Daniels. He is a great big, human, hearty, free speaking, home-loving American, the kind that the average American can talk to and be understood. There is no malice or subterranean subtlety in his brain cells. He is an apostle of Thomas Jefferson, whose speeches are his political bible. He dislikes show, does not wear evening dress clothes—a high hat was a stranger to him until he became a cabinet officer—lives in a good old-fashioned way, plays with his boys and tells his affairs to and receives counsel from his wife, whom he believes to be the greatest aid and help to his success.

"I want the American Navy to have the cleanest and snappiest boys in the country," he says.

One day, shortly after the declaration of war with Germany, he received a telegram from Raleigh. It was signed Josephus Daniels, Jr., and said, "Father, I have enlisted today as a private in the Marine Corps."

The Navy is safe in the hands of the Daniels. They are good American stock, have clean American brains, are hard workers, intelligent workers, and work all the time for the flag they serve. Josephus Daniels has consecrated his whole heart, soul and brain to the Navy, and results, after all, tell the story—and those results are important to democracy, to the million boys who will go Over There, and to the safety of the loyal Americans at home doing their bit.

OUR NEW NATIONAL ARMY

By CAPTAIN EDWARD LYELL FOX

WE love peace, yet we have produced some of the most brilliant generals of history. It has ever been a way with us to keep the arts of war in the background and to bring peaceful pursuits to the fore. Yet, in the art of war we have excelled. Our cavalry tactics developed by the Civil War became the fundamentals of the cavalry training of every great European power. Our navy was the first to develop the " smoke screen " cast up by destroyers to hide a fleet. Yes, we love peace; we love our liberty. We have loved it so much throughout our entire history that we have always been willing to fight for it. It is a way with us to be peaceful, to want to remain friends with the world. It is also a way with us, that when the world has not let us be friends, we have become very dangerous enemies. So it is now. So are we rushing preparations for this war. It is like us that we should do it on an unheard-of scale. The preparation for war that is going on in our country today is colossal. We must pause to weigh these things if we would understand the National Army.

With one sweep of the pen President Wilson accomplished what England and Canada muddled over, hesitated about and finally accepted—what Australia has yet to accept after two years of wrangling. We had but to recognize the condition of war that Germany forced upon us when we plunged, in a typically American way, and did the one thing the British cabinets had feared to tackle. *Compulsory military service!* Uncle Sam pushed his boot in the face of Old Man Tradition.

The more one contemplates the spirit of the National Army the more one is convinced that it quite like the French.

America dancing off to war—"the ragtime soldier man." Rubbish! The American armies, tangoing off to war in a thoughtless, care-free manner. Fiddlesticks! The National Army is serious. It is dignified. It has taken the war with a philosophy quite like the French. It may be expressed something like this. "We do not like war. We believe it intolerable. We hope peace comes. But what good is peace if we have not our country? Everything we have, everything we love, springs from that. We will fight for it to the end. America must be preserved."

The man who thinks that way is the serious, thinking fighter. He is much more dangerous than the braggart, than the man who says he "loves war." The German Crown Prince said he loved war. When his offensive was turning Verdun into a slaughter house, he was carried to bed—so the story goes—dead drunk, feebly shouting, "On to Verdun! On to Paris!" And the men who stopped him, stopped his deluded fools of soldiers, rather, were serious-minded Frenchmen, who hated war and who simply said, "They have not passed. They shall not pass."

THE MOOD OF THE NATIONAL ARMY

Now, that, too, is the mood of the National Army. It is a stoical determination to see the thing through. They have entered this war after reading of it for three years. They know its horrors. In this they are unlike the men of any nation whom circumstances rushed into war, as into an unknown adventure. Our men know this war; they followed it in the press since its outbreak. They are going in, dogged and grim; theirs is a cold courage—which is the most sublime. Give me that type of soldier every time to the one of loud mouth.

Come into a company office in one of our National Army cantonments of an evening after "Retreat." A call had gone out for volunteers, for early service in France. Perhaps you visualize the type that responded—boyish, eager, seeking an adventure. Not one! Instead, they were serious-minded

men. As one of them said, "I feel I can be of more use in France now than here. (The call was for special technical work). *I want to go where I can be of the most use.*" That is the very essence of the spirit of service for America.

To be sure, there is the other type in the National Army; the type which has a craving for new faces, new lands. The man who, had circumstances permitted, would by now have been from one end of the United States to the other and to Europe and back—the *voyageur*, the rolling stone. There was one such who applied to go to France. He was not taken; the list was full. Later, when troops were sent from this, a Northern camp, to one in the South, he applied again. Faced with it, he admitted, "I want to travel. I want to get over as soon as I can." His idea was "to see the sights." And his type makes a good soldier, too.

HOW THE SPIRIT OF PRIDE TOOK HOLD

Self-conscious at first in their uniforms, the men of the National Army came to be proud of them. It took about a fortnight for the transition. Then came inquiries at the regimental exchange for needles, thread, and eradicators. One began to see men going off on Saturday, on pass, sprucing up before they left barracks. One wondered at their thoughts as they passed among the civilians in nearby cities and towns. One saw them occasionally moving through the streets, heads erect, with swinging carriage, unconsciously walking the 120 steps to the minute prescribed by drill regulations—now become habit. Some of them were more careful of their deportment in uniform than in the days of civilian clothing. A spirit of pride of uniform was developing in the National Army. It affected the conduct of the wearer. There was a dignity to it that got under the skin.

What a change there will be a year hence! This National Army is a thinking army and war will work its magic upon them. At the front only big emotions exist. There the big things are life, death, courage, sacrifice, cowardice, and selfishness. Magically on the firing line, life is reduced to

these fundamentals. What is real is placed there; what is embryonic is placed here. The real measure of a man comes out. He goes to help a wounded comrade under fire or he skulks in a dugout and lets him die. The front sweeps away all artificialities. There, man sees realities. He gains a close-up of values.

MAKING REAL AMERICANS

Do you remember that little gem of a French story, *"C'est la Guerre, Madame"?* The story about the French soldier who loved Paris so much that he hated to leave it; who went to the front and learned there the true values of life, visited Paris on leave and hated it? This experience in the National Army is going to make Americanism real; our boys are doing a lot of thinking; they will be doing a lot more when they get back from this war. And that is what we need in our country—the thinker who acts—men who can think piercingly, who can act intelligently and fight with spirit.

The barracks of the cantonment are two-storied affairs. Most of the men live in the upper story. On Sundays visitors flock to the cantonments—girls. Three of them passed our barracks one day. A young private spotted them from the second-floor window and called some comrades. They opened the window and began whistling and shouting after the girls, a most crude flirtation. I was waiting to see how far they would go. It was but a few weeks after the camp had opened. One of the new soldiers, a little man, no older than they, scurried across the barrack room floor to the group at the window. "Cut it out, fellows," he said. "You're not hanging around a corner saloon. You're in the army now. Don't disgrace it."

His words hit home and the group dispersed. I saw it. The men looked sheepish and ashamed.

The officers are doing everything they can to foster this spirit. To make the men take a pride in themselves and in their work. Our motto is, "We are going to fit you to return

to your homes, after this war, better men than when you left." That is a big job, but it will be accomplished.

A letter, of which I give an extract, came to our attention. It was written by a new recruit: "It is really remarkable the way one is so hastily accustomed to camp life. It seems just like a big picnic and the discipline, instead of being a damper to the ardor, adds a zest to the whole affair. Another thing which adds to the pleasure of camp life is that kickers and hogs are not wanted. The men were given a talk by our Captain this afternoon and he laid special emphasis on conduct. I can see how easily a man of loose habits will be transformed into a really desirable character. It is impossible for me to express the feeling that is within me and I can sense just that feeling in every man here. Whatever it is, it means something—and all I can say is, God help the Kaiser—when the completely developed National Army is turned loose—over there."

THE BROADER RELIGIOUS SPIRIT

The part that the Y. M. C. A. is playing in developing the spirit of the new army is of great importance. It is dealing in practical religion. If there is one thing this war has done it has delivered a terrific blow at theology and has breathed big, new life into religion. It has turned men's thoughts in a common channel, unimpeded in their flow toward God by the obstacles that creeds have barraged. The work of the Y. M. C. A. in the cantonment suggests that. To be religious, one no longer has to be unhappy. On Sundays, one may smile, one may even sing the songs of the day, one may even dance without being damned. Do you know what the Y. M. C. A. did of a Sunday in a National Army cantonment? They put on Anna Held and sixteen Broadway show girls. The only Anna sang and the show girls went through the evolutions of the chorus. Then of a sudden, the mood changed.

Picture that scene. A wooden Y. M. C. A. shack, distinguished from the other buildings of the camp by its coat

of green paint. A little stage, from which in the morning a noted clergyman had spoken to a "small but enthusiastic audience." The afternoon at four o'clock Anna Held appeared. The place was jammed. Soldiers had climbed up on the rafters and, after she had sung in her gay mood, she changed of a sudden. Her face changed, her expression, too. There came into it the spiritual. We hadn't known her any more than we had known France. She began to recite. It was a poem to the defenders of Verdun. She spoke it in French. Not one man in twenty could understand it, but they followed her breathlessly—her face! And tears came into her eyes as she spoke of the French dead. One could have heard the faintest sound in that hall. One did hear a sound as if something intangible moved. It was the thought of sacrifice. Our soldiers could not understand her words, but they could read her face. They could see that she was in anguish at the thought of the sacrifices her beloved France had made to keep the Hun at bay. And that which moved in the air, that which went out to her was an unspoken pledge from those soldiers who were going to help her land. You remember that letter I quoted. The man who wrote home, "It is impossible for me to express the feeling that is within me." That was some of the feeling unloosened in that shack. That was the very essence of religion—sacrifice.

HOW THE Y. M. C. A. PUTS SPIRIT INTO THE SOLDIERS

The Y. M. C. A. has gone to grips in a fight with the army of vice. Now the forces of vice are often more dangerous than the enemies' bullets. They break down a man's moral fibre. They lead him to the lie, the fraud, the theft, sometimes to murder, and surely sooner or later to the hospital. All that is bad from a military point of view and for the race. The Y. M. C. A. has tackled the problem, man fashion. What has attracted soldiers? Why is it they preferred to go to cities instead of to Y. M. C. A. buildings? Because they are entertained in the cities and bored by "uplift" entertainment. What bores them? Continually being

told how they must live if they would be saved. A soldier spends six days in the week continually being told how to do things. On the seventh he doesn't want to be told to do anything. That may not be theology, but it is human nature.

With that fundamental, the Y. M. C. A. has set up counter attractions to the cities and their temptations. It is keeping the soldiers in camp, not by boring them with interminable sermons and the psalm singing on Sunday. Rather it is putting on good shows. Anna Held, boxing bouts, motion pictures, clog dances, etc. And they reach the soldier. He gets in the habit of coming to the Y. M. C. A. and there he unconsciously yields to its Christian influences instead of having them jammed down his throat. In other words, the Y. M. C. A.'s shacks are made attractive places for him to visit, and once there he is in an atmosphere that is clean and comes in contact with the Y. M. C. A. workers, whom he finds are not "Stiffs," "Mamma boys," but who are good husky men, willing to put on the gloves with him, poke him one in the eye and take one in return, and not be ashamed of God. *That is practical Christianity.* That is the brand developed by the British army at the front. That is the kind that is slowly going to make the National Army men better.

There is a most important word in the military lexicon. It is the word, *Morale.* Or call it *esprit de corps, élan* or spirit. They all imply the same thing. It is the spiritual efficiency of an army. Now conceive of two armies, each composed of just as good physical specimens, each just as well trained soldiers. One has a poor *morale,* the other has a good *morale.* The one with the poor *morale* will be routed.

What is *morale?* A French general termed it, "The spiritual quality that would cause a body of troops to gladly follow their commander through hell if he ordered it." *Morale* gets into the realm of the psychological. Let us examine some of its components. Let us make this examination from an ice-cold standpoint, leaving any consideration but military efficiency out of it. Looting is bad for the *morale;* it breaks down discipline. Camp followers are bad

for the *morale;* they put soldiers in the hospital. Poor food is bad for the *morale;* it breeds discontent. As Napoleon said, "An army marches on its stomach." As an old housewife will tell you, the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. Lack of confidence by the men in their commanders is bad for the *morale.* They feel their lives are being trifled with. They will not unhesitatingly follow. Tyrannical conduct by officers is bad for the *morale.* It gives them sooner or later the viewpoint of the slave. No slave ever fought as well as a free man. To think of dying for no great cause is bad for the *morale.* It leaves a man flat. To know that by his fighting a great cause is being saved, that is ideal for the *morale.*

The spirit of the National Army is expanding. It is growing because our faces are in the light. No officer lets an opportunity go by to let his men know the kind of an enemy they will fight. The men have to be told these things. They have to be awakened to the fact that barbarians are loose in the world. They are responding to words like those uttered by a wounded English officer who came to one of our cantonments as a bayonet instructor.

AN ENGLISH OFFICER'S WARNING

"Don't, men," he said, "make the same mistake we did. You'll do it if you are not cautioned against it. You are Americans and all your training in sports will lead you to it. We were prepared to fight the enemy in a sportsmanlike way. We did it, for a while, and then we couldn't do it any longer. He fights like a savage and you've got to fight him in the same way. It's a terrible thing I'm telling you, but you have got to get what he's got—that's the blood lust. When you drive your bayonets into those dummies out there, think of them as representing the enemy. Think that he began the practice in this war of running bayonets through wounded, gasping on the ground, and defenceless prisoners. Think, men, that he made an attack on a Belgian position after gathering up the women and children of a Belgian village and

marching them at the head of his troops—as a dastardly screen.

"Another thing. We made an attack one day. As our first wave carried the enemy trench, they heard shouts from a dugout, 'Kamerad!—Comrade!' The Germans surrendered. The first wave rushed on leaving it to the second wave to take the prisoners. As soon as the first wave had passed, the Germans emerged from their dugout with a hidden machine gun and broke it out on the backs of the men who had been white enough not to give them the cold steel. So now, men, when we hear 'Comrade' coming from the depths of a dugout in a captured trench, we call down, 'How many?' If the answer comes back, 'Six,' we decide that one hand grenade ought to be enough to take care of six, and toss it in. They made us do that with their dirty, barbarous warfare. They will make you do the same thing. They will crucify some of your men like they crucified the Canadians. So abandon all ideas of fighting them in a sportsmanlike way. *You've got to hate them.*"

Now, if you tell any normal man the truth about the German way of making war, he'll hate. Slowly we reveal to the men in the National Army the kind of foe they will be up against. As their hate for the enemy increases, it will give the crescendo pitch to the *morale*. Which is for America's good.

THE FOREIGN-BORN IN OUR ARMY

I have told you of these men as being ready to face this thing, most of them with stoical determination. We have in our National Army men born in foreign lands, men whose families brought them here—to Liberty. Don't judge too hastily of these "foreign-born." Don't jump to the conclusion that they will not fight for America. We know better. Some enemy aliens came in with the draft. They have been a source of trouble, petty trouble, pin pricks, but they showed to me, at least, the worth of one foreign-born man. In our regiment, an Austrian was seeking to spread disaffection.

He was not a particularly astute Austrian, else he would have known enough not to tackle an Italian. He suggested to the Italian that he—the Italian—didn't want to go to Europe to fight, that he only said he did, why not admit it?

"Sure, I go," said the Italian.

"Well, I won't go," said the Austrian. "I've got friends in the Austrian Army."

The Italian jeered at him. "We'll take care of all that bunch when we get over there."

Also, be it noted that the Italian could have claimed exemption—and knew he could have—on the ground that he was not a citizen of the United States. He valued our country enough, though, to go and fight for it.

One could go on and tell of scores of such things. One could tell you of the captain of one battery who told his men what the Liberty Loan meant and who, in half an hour, got $12,000 worth of subscriptions for it. Think what that meant from 190 men getting only $30 a month as privates. It could be told that the same captain subsequently went to New York to speak for the Liberty Loan at a hotel frequented only by the very wealthy. And that *the very wealthy subscribed nearly* $2,000 *less than what his soldier boys had done.* That is cited not as a slur at our wealthy people, who have already taken up quantities of Liberty Loans; rather it is to set off by contrast the spirit of the National Army in going down deep into its pockets on $7.50 a week, the way it did.

Would you know our army? Live with it a while. See it turn out of bed every morning at half-past five and go through a day until five in the afternoon, pausing then for a brief two hours before plunging into a school at night. Drill in the daytime, military textbooks at night, grind, grind, grind, with never a whimper, with set serious faces—that is the National Army.

No conscripts—rather American men taken from all walks of life who know what this war is and who have gone into it with their hearts loyal and their faces grim. For that is the army that is soon going "over the top" at the Hun.

THE LABOR HOLD-BACK

WILL GOVERNMENT CONSCRIPTION COME.

By JOHN BRUCE MITCHELL

HAS organized labor in this country been setting its unionism on a plane above its patriotism?

Probably every laborer in the land would deny it today, emphatically and excitably, since there is scarcely a labor union, however small, or a labor organization, however large, but what has gone on record as saying to President Wilson:

"We are back of you!"

There is a great deal of truth in this declaration. For a long time a big part of organized labor was *back* of the President, so *far back* that not only were the members of no help, but their strikes became a serious menace to our nation's efforts to properly prepare to join with the Allies in defeating the most selfish, murderous and inhuman enemy that ever went forth to war.

And the pacifist branch of organized labor, large enough to have fifteen delegates on the thirty-seventh annual convention of the American Federation of Labor at Buffalo, refused to even pledge loyalty to the President!

There's no "fence" to sit on in this great international struggle in which we are taking a big part. If a man isn't sufficiently loyal to work for his country at home or to fight for it at the front, he becomes worse than an alien enemy; he becomes a traitor. There's no sitting astride of the cannon. If a man is not working to help operate the guns, then his place is directly in front of them.

Labor *has* been holding back. There's no denying it. And labor is not all patriotically in line today, by any means, although it is doing much better—thanks to President Wilson and some labor officials.

LABOR'S HOLD-BACK HELPS THE ENEMY

Those labor union men who have been putting their unions above their country, who have been stopping work on ships, in arms and ammunition plants, in factories and food-preparing industries, and, in fact, in almost every important line of work—those men have done more to help our enemy and to hurt the United States of America than all the enemy aliens, all the spies, all the plotters, all the bomb and fire fiends, military slackers and pacifists together!

For forty years Germany has been storing, building, hoarding, planning for the big strike, "Der tag," when she would conquer the world, *our* republic amongst all other nations. Every workman who has walked out either because he thought it would get him a few more dimes a day or because some non-union worker was employed in some place, has been bringing a German victory just so much nearer, has been helping to make it possible for Germany to conquer the world, for her officers to crowd workmen's wives and daughters from the sidewalks and insult them, for Germany's very low labor wage to prevail.

"The cost of living was never so high as today."

Labor, holding back, has been shouting this truth.

But none of these men have mentioned the fact that labor's wages were never in the history of the world so high as today. There isn't a skilled and trained laborer in the country but what earns more than the average professional—the average dentist, lawyer, doctor, writer, teacher, illustrator and others. Few of the professional workers have demanded more for their ministrations, their writings, drawings or teachings "on account of the war," and today throughout the country professional men and women are doing everything to help. Artists are giving their talents, writers are giving their best to help the cause—not *selling* it, but *giving* it. Doctors and dentists gave up big practices to go to the front. Lawyers have drawn up hundreds of thousands of wills gratis, others are all doing their best.

Yet more than two thousand strikes occurred since we entered the war. Why?

Is it possible that labor union members saw what looked like a golden opportunity? Is it possible that they understood the country's great need of labor and decided that it was just the time to *make* employers give them what they wanted in everything, in unionism and especially in money?

A WIDESPREAD WAGE INCREASE

And yet our Government has refused no reasonable request for labor. It begins to look as though, now, that quite a share of organized labor is recognizing this. At least they are recognizing the fact that President Wilson means business, that there's the Government control and conscription of labor looming large on the labor horizon, and also Secretary of Labor Wilson's Labor Service Reserve, which has now about 20,000 technically trained men enlisted who are ready at a moment's notice to leave their jobs and step into any job the Government may ask of them.

There has never been less excuse for labor strikes than now because of the growing demand for labor and the high wages. But aside from these, the simple single fact that our country calls for laborers and needs them as greatly as she needs soldiers and sailors should be sufficient to convince every patriotic man that he has no excuse and no right to strike.

"Victory or defeat for America depends on the wholehearted, patriotic co-operation of our labor," says Sir Stephenson Pent, head of the British Special Munitions Mission to this country.

"We must speed up the war," declared President Wilson not long ago, and every military authority agreed with him. The President declared that the war should be speeded up both on land and sea.

Who can speed it up? The soldier? The sailor? No, indeed; not they, but the workman. Just so fast as labor turns out the sinews of war, just so much faster can the men who fight speed up their fighting. Germany's fright at Italian gains in Austria brought about the retreat of Cadorna's

army and the bloody stand at the Piave line. Then Russia's crumbling came. Italy's troubles were due to lack of artillery and ammunition. But the results were the same; and while these disasters were occurring many of our laborers were actually striking at the Watertown arsenal, at Chelsea, Boston and Fore River, as in other localities, slowing up the manufacture of arms, ships and other necessities of war.

Even after word went forth from the American Federation of Labor and was published in the newspapers to the effect that these strikes were called off, the labor agents up in Massachusetts declared they had heard nothing and ordered their strikes to continue.

And these men, perhaps, believed they were simply holding back for more money or more iron-clad union conditions, yet they are intelligent men, and is there any reason to believe that they didn't realize that they were holding back against their flag and against their country and against patriotism?

When the great world peace conference comes—as it will come some day over the remains of a shattered, tattered and defeated Germany—the American Federation wants to be represented in it. Demand for an *"adequate and direct"* representation of wage earners at this forthcoming world peace conference was made at Buffalo in the report of the executive council of the A. F. of L.

And yet who can measure to just what extent our wage earners have deferred that day of peace by holding back their labor that is so vital to the day of victory? And are the "wage earners" different from others who are fighting this war, and are they not directly represented by the government?

CONSCRIPTION OF LABOR IN ENGLAND

Lord Northcliffe is one of the big, and therefore least beloved, men of England. From the start he has been correct in his views, as events have proven. He was one who first opened the eyes of his Government to the dire necessity of controlling the labor situation. He was ridiculed and at-

tacked in every way, yet since labor was controlled, since the Government stepped in, since a stop was put to strikes, the output of every variety of things needed for war has increased. It doubled within the first six months; then it was trebled, and it has even quadrupled since the battle of the Somme, and Northcliffe became hated by labor and feared by the government, but he did things to speed up the war.

For five months Lord Northcliffe worked here hastening food and munitions across to England. And every American who had a part in providing them got more than adequate monetary returns for his share of labor—England paid the bills. True, she borrowed the money of us to spend it on our workers and manufacturers, and we got the money right back in our pockets without its ever leaving the country—and the interest, big interest, is also coming back to us. He explained something of the present labor situation in England. He said:

"We have seized every industry in the country—Great Britain—the railroads, the mines, the shipyards. No private construction is allowed. There are no private automobiles except those run by coal gas. No men are doing woman's work. Women are doing men's work as never before in history, and we have no labor troubles, while our output is steadily increasing.

These facts are known in Washington. And labor leaders evidently are beginning to learn that they are known in Washington. When the President recently said, "It may be necessary to take control of the railroads," "it may be necessary to conscript labor," it is quite possible that many of our labor leaders understood that England's example was in his mind. At any rate, pledges of loyalty were rapidly forthcoming—except from pacifists, and in these days how can a pacifist be loyal? And how may a non-loyal person be classified? Yet the pacifist branch of organized labor is small, 15 delegates out of nearly 500. The pacifists haven't been strong enough to make labor hold back as labor has been doing. Is it possible that greed was responsible for labor's hold-back?

Charles Nagel, former Secretary of Commerce and Labor, is a strong advocate of conscripting labor. "Labor," he says, "like the men who fight abroad, should be mustered into service, if we hope to put power behind our blows.

"Let us appreciate that if organized labor did its part in fullest measure; if every unpatriotic labor disturbance, however inspired, were suppressed, *a shortage of labor would nevertheless confront us at this time!* It is a question whether we can supply that shortage at all by any measures that may be devised. But it must be clear that in no event can we succeed in doing so, unless we adopt comprehensive system for both training and employing power.

LABOR EMBARRASSING OUR GOVERNMENT

"Uncompromising demands of unions have resulted in direct and serious embarrassment to the Government. In justice it should be said that many proprietors have also sought to improve their conditions. But we cannot hope to escape the experience of other countries. We can profit by it and the sooner we do so the more treasure and more lives will be saved. In such a democracy as ours it should be easiest to introduce a system of universal service in disregard of every distinction of class or social position."

There were encouraging indications at the convention of the American Federation of Labor at Buffalo that labor would attempt to cease its hold-backs. Of the 160 resolutions, which embraced everything from support of some tiny individual union against a shop owner to a proposal to abolish the United States Senate, only one had a tinge of pacificism, and that a mild request to be represented at the final peace conference.

What President Wilson said at that convention is history, and has already been printed abroad, translated into many languages, including the German, and dropped behind enemy lines by aeroplanes. His words had the effect of waking up the labor men to a deeper sense of their duties. And if those labor leaders can control the individuals in

their various central and local unions, much will be gained. At this convention some of the striking words of the President were:

"You must stand together, night and day."

"I am with you if you are with me."

"Let us show ourselves Americans by showing that we want to co-operate."

"If we are true friends of freedom we will see that the productivity of this country is raised to its maximum."

But this was the key-note of the President's direct, personal message to organized labor—a message that seemed to be generally understood and promptly productive of pledge of loyalty:

"I am hopeful that in the very near future new instrumentalities may be organized by which we can see to it that various things that are now going on SHALL NOT GO ON!"

It makes one recall his other words concerning Government control, conscription of labor, and labor service reserve.

On November 14th the National Founders' Association wired the President their pledges of loyalty. This association is composed of six hundred manufacturers operating iron and steel foundries. Their output is of greatest importance, it has to do with ships, armament and many other branches of manufacture absolutely necessary to war. The harm that labor's hold-back had wrought in their class of manufacture alone has evidently been great. From the telegram sent to President Wilson is quoted the following:

> *"To gain that measure of efficiency requisite for the proper equipment of our Army and Navy, we stand squarely on the platform that the processes of labor shall not be interfered with, and trust the employees throughout the various industries of the nation may quickly be brought to a realization of the fact that autocracy of labor is fully as disturbing to the welfare of mankind as is the autocracy of Government.*
>
> *"With full and complete support of their employees the manufacturers of our country will back the boys in the trenches to the limit without thought of emolument, but they will be powelress unless the present autocratic demands of some branches of labor for purely selfish advantages are dissipated.*

"We are unqualifiedly in accord with the declaration of the Council of National Defence that industrial and labor conditions as existing prior to the war should continue for the duration of the war. Any action to the contrary, whether an industry shirking its duty or labor interposing restrictions of production and attempting to change existing conditions, should be regarded as treason and punishable as such."

RAILROAD MEN DEMAND $109,000,000

In his opening address William H. Barr, of Buffalo, president of the Association of Founders, said that certain labor leaders were at first fearful that national necessities would compel them to make concessions to the Government. Accordingly a convention was held in Washington behind closed doors and a program adopted.

"A figurehead was selected," declared President Barr, "to draw to himself all the vapor of enthusiasm which the American Federation of Labor could manufacture, under the cover of which the international unions, acting like submarines, attacked American industry.

"The real situation is a serious one."

The threatened railroad strikes are held up, thanks to the President's prompt action. He had hoped the trainmen brotherhoods would go as far as the railroad officials in agreeing to arbitration, but the brotherhood officials did sign an agreement to mediation which ends with another agreement to abide by a plan of settlement advanced by President Wilson. This agreement is sustained by W. S. Stone, Grand Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers; W. S. Carter, President of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen; L. E. Shepherd, Senior Vice-President of the Order of Railroad Conductors, and W. G. Lee, President of the Brotherhood of Railroad Firemen. Meanwhile, two important moves are planned for the next Congress to overcome the very serious hold-back situation now threatened. One provides for the introduction of a bill to give the President authority to place all railroad employees in military service during the war; the other for compulsory arbitration of railroad disputes.

It was on November 15 that the railroad men agreed

not to strike, but to "compose by mediation." On November 21 Judge William M. Chambers, Commissioner of the United States Board of Mediation and Conciliation, came on to New York from Washington to confer with the National Conference Committee of Railroads toward the demands of four brotherhoods for an increase in wages amounting to $109,000,000, and the judge made it plain that the brotherhoods had not agreed that there would be no strikes. On November 22 the railroad men again threatened, but President Wilson made them agree not to strike.

If all this isn't an immense threat of a labor hold-back, just what might it be termed?

Now the building trades have promised to be good and to end strikes on war works. About the time of that promise 1,500 of these men were on strike in Boston and their hold-back was nullifying the work of several thousand others. Leaders in the building trades would not admit, on November 13, that any threats of Secretary of War Baker to take action had been made, but nevertheless their promise to "be good" and not strike any more was wired to Washington two days later.

MR. GOMPERS AND THE PRESIDENT

During all this there have been repeated claims that labor is not holding back. Yet we find such statements as these in the daily papers:

BOSTON, Mass.—Lieutenant-Colonel T. C. Dickson, in command of the arsenal at Watertown, says: "Further delay in construction work at the Watertown Arsenal is due to the strike of union workmen."

CHELSEA, Mass.—"Strikes of union mechanics on Government work will be continued until open shop conditions are eliminated."

BOSTON, MASS.—Local officials of the American Federation of Labor say: "If President Wilson does not eliminate the open shop conditions in our midst our men employed on Government work are determined to stay out."

"The strike of union mechanics at the Charleston Navy Yard, the Watertown Arsenal, the Squantum Shipbuilding plant, the Chelsea Naval Hospital, the Federal Appraisers' Stores and elsewhere, including the Government airplane station at Chatham, will be extended. Several hundred more men have been called out."

If that isn't labor's hold-back, what is it?

If that isn't "again the Government," what is it?

If that isn't helping Germany, what is it?

President Samuel Gompers, of the A. F. of L., got a good word from President Wilson at Buffalo, who said of him, "I want to express my admiration of his patriotic courage, his large vision and his statesmanlike sense of what is to be done. I like to lay my mind alongside of a mind that knows how to pull in harness. The horse that kicks over the the traces will have to be put in a corral."

Here are some things Mr. Gompers has said:

"To me this war has quite another significance than the mere winning of battles. It is to bring a rejuvenation of the democratic peoples of the nations of all the world."

"Some grounds must be reached on which the industries of our country may be speeded up."

"The war must be speedily won. Of its results I have not the slightest mental reservation. It is written into the stars of freedom above us."

"The man who talks now of pacifism is not a pacifist, but a coward and poltroon."

Mr. Gompers has said many other things of a like nature. No doubt he has been working hard along such lines as seemed best to him. But why has he not sent this message to organized labor?

"No man who loves his country, no man who is worthy the title of man and patriot, will strike or cease from his labors for the duration of the war. If there is any member of organized labor in our country who puts himself, his union and his pocketbook above his flag, he is not worthy of such membership and we do not want him with us, nor will we have him with us."

MAY CONSCRIPT SHIPBUILDERS

No, there is no record that Mr. Samuel Gompers has said anything like this. Suppose he *had* said it at the time we entered the war against Germany? How many more guns, how much more clothing would have been ready and across the water for our soldiers?

How many more weeks, if not months, nearer victory would we have been? How many lives would it have saved?

There is no telling. Nor is there any disputing the fact that all of these conditions would have been improved.

Six thousand shipbuilders walked out at the Port of Newark. They walked back afterward, but they slowed up matters. That plant there is turning out a complete ship every three days. A strike of three days only means one ship less at a time when every day counts. That was a wholesale hold-back of labor.

We need ships, and more and more ships. We have the material, the steel and lumber, we have the shipyards, mammoth ones, we have the skilled men to plan them and see that they are turned out according to every specification, *but we haven't the men to work on them.*

There are men enough in this country to build ten times as many ships as we are planning to build—three merchant ships of 2,000 tons per day—but they are holding back. They have been striking here and there. Our Government's Emergency Shipbuilding Organization has not got one-half enough men to do the work. This is a very conservative estimate. But the time is coming—it is almost here—when we will have sufficient men, because Uncle Sam will simply draft the shipbuilders as he has drafted the soldiers. Workingmen will be called into shipyards and put to work, they will be given military status and military medals of merit, and every fair treatment that could be accorded labor—but they will have to work and, being under military conscription, they will not be released for the period of the war—without due course—a strike would be equivalent to desertion. Everyone knows what desertion means in time of war.

Already striking shipbuilders have wasted valuable time

that can never be recalled. We cannot recall the time that labor's hold-back has wasted any more than we can recall the lives of men who have fallen in No-Man's Land.

Events move rapidly these days. A report to Washington that an employer is treating his men unjustly will result in investigation without delay and the hard fist of the Government planted upon the employer's solar plexus—his business.

We all know what the world thinks of and says about the soldier at the front who, when the battle begins, turns about and runs away, who throws down his gun and deserts.

Probably the individual laborer never looked at in quite this light. Yet, the laborer here who is working to produce the things we need in our time of stress, is like the soldier at the front when the battle opens. And the laborer who lays down his tools and walks out is quite like the soldier who throws down his gun and deserts.

Not one soldier in ten thousand does that.
Are the days of labor's hold-back over?
If not, Government conscription will soon end them.

A PRAYER FOR THE GIFT OF SONG

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

IF I could leave one song behind,
To tell of all the joy I knew,
To show the world that Life is kind
Because it held the moon—and You:

Then gladly would I go from these
Enchanted days to Death's dark night.
Dear God, who filled my years with peace,
Help me to sing, and sing aright.

TRUTH ABOUT THE FOOD SITUATION

By CHARLES J. BRAND

[CHIEF OF THE UNITED STATES BUREAU OF MARKETS]

RECENTLY I read a half column editorial on the subject of food conservation. The typesetter had made the title of this editorial read, "Food Conversation," and as I read through to the end I found that the typesetter was quite right.

There has been a great deal of conversation about our food conservation, and much of it has a tendency to muddle many and frighten some. The truth about our food situation is simply this. We are not going to starve, nor are we going to suffer through lack of nourishing food, but we must conserve our foods. And the public has every right, first, to be told why this must be done, and, second, how we can best do it.

The diet of the average person in the United States is obtained from the following sources:

Thirty-nine per cent. animal.

Thirty-one per cent. cereal.

Twenty-five per cent. fruits and vegetables.

Five per cent sugar, condiments and miscellaneous.

Therefore, if we examine into the world situation as to the consumptive requiremnets and supply of animal and grain food products, which total 70 per cent. of our entire diet, the need of food conservation will become apparent.

Since we have associated ourselves with the Allies across the water in a grim determination to win the war, we must not think only of our own needs—we must keep constantly in mind the needs of our Allies and, furthermore, the needs of deserving neutrals who are dependent upon us. Just now the problem of the neutrals is intricate and delicate.

Unpleasant developments have forced the consideration of severe extension of embargoes on foodstuffs and other important materials to some of these neutrals.

Food animals, constituting 39 per cent. of our diet, are an important consideration. This war has already made terrific inroads upon the herds and the flocks of the world. The most careful and conservative estimate is that there has been a decrease since August, 1914, of more than 115,000,000 head of cattle, hogs and sheep. For a great many years there was a serious decline in our own animal production due to such natural causes as converting grazing acreage into grain fields and a rapidly increasing population. In recent years our animal production has been increasing slightly and the outlook at the beginning of the war was most encouraging. This increase by no means kept pace with our increase in population, to say nothing of our remarkable growth in meat exports. The average exportation of American meats during the three years preceding the war was more than 493,000,000 pounds. During the war year, extending from July 1, 1915, to July 3, 1916, our total exportation of meat was 1,400,000,000 pounds. This is an increase of nearly a billion pounds in a year over our meat exportation of normal times. It is, of course, impossible to increase animal production sufficiently to produce this requirement.

This is a plain, conservative statement of facts and surely ought to make it clear to every reader our necessity for economizing in the use of meat as a daily article of food.

AMERICANS EAT TOO MUCH MEAT

Our next important food comes under the general head of cereals. These constitute 31 per cent. of our diet. The fact is that we could increase our consumption of cereals to 39 per cent. and decrease our consumption of animal food to 31 per cent.—that is, reverse the present situation—not only without ill effects but in reality with increased health, since it is generally admitted that Americans eat too much meat.

In the matter of cereals the crop situation must be taken

into consideration. The crop situation in the allied countries, while fairly satisfactory in view of the vast amount of labor diverted to war, still leaves an enormous total requirement that must be supplied largely by North America.

A great many people have repeatedly asked how it is that we know there is a 70,000,000 bushel shortage of wheat, that we must help to make up to the Allies. The following table sets this forth as clearly as it is possible to do in so small a space:

	Bushels.
Great Britain, France and Italy must annually import in wheat	381,480,000
Neutral nations depend upon us annually for wheat	192,000,000
Total import needs of our Allies and the neutral nations, in wheat	573,480,000
United States crop of wheat, about	678,000,000
Normal consumption of wheat in the United States	575,000,000
Exporting surplus of wheat in the United States	103,000,000
Canada, the Argentine, Australia, North Africa, India and Russia will be able to supply about	400,000,000
Total wheat available to supply needs of Allies and neutrals	503,000,000
Shortage that must be made up to the Allies and neutral nations	70,480,000

WHAT 70,000,000 BUSHELS OF WHEAT MEANS

Unless one has made a study of just what 70,000,000 bushels of wheat means to a country with a population of 103,000,000 he is quite likely to become frightened. But there is no need of this, not even after this great amount of wheat is reduced to loaves of bread in the following manner:

Four and one-half bushels of wheat equal one barrel flour.

One barrel flour equals 275 loaves of bread.

70,480,000 bushels of wheat equal 15,700,000 barrels flour.

15,700,000 barrels of flour equal 4,052,800,000 loaves of bread.

More than four billion loaves of bread seems an ap-

palling quantity, but when we consider that we have 103,000,000 people, probably more, in the United States today, this means only thirty-nine loaves of wheat bread less for each person in a year. Reduced still further, this means doing without four-fifths of a loaf of wheat bread a week. This does not mean any sort of sacrifice. It does not mean that we must go without four-fifths of a loaf of bread every seven days—that we must reduce our normal food supply that much. It simply means that if we do our share to help conserve the wheat so that our government can do its share in winning the war we should substitute for wheat flour, corn or some other cereal than wheat, to the amount of only four-fifths of a loaf of wheat flour bread.

The European people are not accustomed to eating corn bread or rye products. They do not like it, it is distasteful to them, and while they are bearing this burden above all other times there is no need why they should have to eat it. We like corn products in this country and have liked them from the days that our forefathers subsisted on Indian maize. Furthermore, there is more nourishment in cornmeal products than in any other cereal. Instead of having toasted wheat bread for breakfast seven mornings a week, why not have corn muffins, or Johnny cake, three times a week? It would be healthier, it would be cheaper and it would instantly solve the problem of supplying to our Allies and our friendly neutrals that whole necessary 70,000,000-bushel shortage in wheat.

There will be corn in plenty throughout the coming year. Whether or not the American Indian's "God of Maize" has been taking an interest in affairs, the fact remains that up to 1917 our corn crop in the United States has averaged 2,600,000,000 bushels each year for five years. In 1917 it exceeded three billion bushels, so that we have more than 400,000,000 in excess.

There has also been a most pleasing increase in the potato crop. Outside of a few very small districts in the East, where the crop did not run large, potatoes thrived above everything. Our potato crop in 1916 was 285,000,000 bush-

els. In 1917 there was more than 400,000,000 bushels, giving us an excess of potatoes over normal times of 115,000,000 bushels.

Such figures as these, which are absolutely reliable and made up of government compilation from crop returns, should serve to satisfy those who who have been in fear that we in this country might go hungry.

THE BUREAU OF MARKETS AUTHORITATIVE INFORMATION

The Bureau of Markets is getting the facts and putting them to the best use. Heretofore an important desideratum on all food problems has been the lack of authoritative information regarding food habits, supplies, consumption, ownership, location and the like. This lack of authoritative information has been due primarily to lack of authority to obtain it. It seems incredible, but up to August 10, 1917, no branch of our Government had the legal power to force the divulging of information regarding foodstuffs held in any hands whatsoever.

On the recommendation of the Bureau of Markets there was included in the so-called Food Production and Food Survey bill (Public No. 40, 65th Congress), a section delegating most comprehensive information-getting powers. Schedules were sent out in every direction, to be filled in by farmers, giving an inventory of their crops. More than one hundred separate items were to be recorded on some of these schedules. Other schedules were sent out to the various food handling and distributing enterprises, probably 400,000 in all, and the returns were most satisfactory.

In seeking information regarding food the Bureau of Markets did not, of course, confine itself to crops; it included wheat, corn, beans, all kinds of flour, corn food products, rice, oats, salted and cured beef, hams, bacon, shoulders, pork, lard, salt fish, vegetable oils, vegetable fats, all kinds of sugar, all edible syrups and molasses, condensed and evaporated milk and canned salmon.

The information we got regarding the above and all in-

formation we get in our continued survey, both preliminary and fully comprehensive, will be used as a basis of monthly reports so that every citizen may keep informed and be assured that our national larder will not become empty.

HOW THE SECRET SERVICE PREVENTS FOOD SHORTAGE

Nothing was overlooked that would add to the list of foods, or foodstuffs, on hand. Some, of course, have held back; some have stored foods without reporting it, but recent developments have proved this to be a dangerous undertaking since our Secret Service agents have already traced a great many of these food hogs, and penalties will by no means be light. I noticed with great pleasure that one big dealer had a stock of sixty thousand cans of vegetables which he had not reported to the Government taken away from him and distributed to smaller retailers. This is only a beginning of what will be done.

We sought our information from all grain elevators, mills and wholesale dealers, grain, flour and feed dealers, and proprietary feed manufacturers, breweries, distilleries and all concerns that make, handle, store or otherwise come in touch with rice, canners of all foods put in cans, oils, sugar, bakers, confectioners, fish, slaughteries and meat packers, lard, poultry, butter, eggs, fruit, vegetables, creamery products, and wholesale as well as big retail dealers, commission men, brokers, and all others who handle foodstuffs.

The amount of work involved in this is beyond belief, but the result more than repays.

In addition to all of this our work includes detailed surveys of the stock of the small retail concern in a number of representative cities and rural districts. The figures thus secured are being used as a basis for estimating the entire total stock of every known variety of food in the United States. These schedules have been sent to 64,000 retail grocers, 63,000 retail meat markets, 60,000 general stores carrying foodstuffs, 100 chain store companies (a single chain store company operates as many as 3,400 retail stores),

1,200 department stores handling groceries and 1,200 hotels and restaurants.

For the purpose of estimating the stock of the entire country the counties of the United States were divided into groups according to the population of the larger city, town or village in each county. This classification included as a separate class forty-four large metropolitan districts. It is by means of these diversified and extensive surveys that we are able to determine to a most valuable degree of accuracy all food holdings in the United States.

THOUSANDS OF FAMILIES SURVEYED

Most valuable and interesting food consumption and dietary studies have been made. Ten thousand families in all parts of the United States were visited and the record was made of all food material found in their possession. From these facts are made the estimates on the household stock of foods throughout the country. This represents the best compromise for which the immediate purpose can be found between ignoring household stocks entirely or attempting to get returns from the 20,000,000 families in the United States, a manifest impossibility.

The result of this comprehensive survey is that today the food information of the United States is the most complete, detailed and accurate information of its sort of any country in the world.

The Government promoting equitable distribution of food through the dissemination of market information by telegraph, telephone and mail; investigations and demonstrations in the conservation of food products in transportation and storage; market inspection of perishable foods; city market service for the distribution and utilization of home and commercial garden surplus; conservation of grain food supplies through the work in grain marketing, standardization and the supervision of grain inspection; reports on cold storage holdings of food products available supply of space and cold storage management; miscellaneous public activi-

ties designed to bring about consumption of products especially plentiful at certain seasons.

On account of the staple nature of cereals the grain marketing system has been wonderfully well developed, and the standards for grain with fixed and definite percentages of moisture now make it possible to store it with a certainty that it will come out in condition fit for human food instead of charcoal, as has so often been the case.

SATISFACTORY COLD STORAGE RESULTS

Cold storage conditions were never so satisfactory as now. In 1916 500 per cent. more poultry went into the freezers than in the previous year. As late as August of 1917 an excess of 366 per cent. was still held. We called a conference in Washington of fifteen of the largest owners, went over the ground in detail, outlined a publicity campaign and secured an agreement to make prices reasonable. As the result of this co-operation with the trade we have succeeded in moving the consumption of a very large part of the excess stock. Without such action large quantities would have been held over another year, resulting in great loss through deterioration.

It would take a library of large volumes to acquaint the public with all the steps that have been taken by the Government to survey the country's food supply and to take steps to so handle this that there would be no alarming shortage and that attempts at profiteering would result disastrously to any who are so unpatriotic as to put dollars above country in these times of stress. It is true that we have a shortage in some foods, in wheat, especially. But there is no shortage of an alarming nature and we shall be able to live as comfortably, to nourish ourselves as adequately as in the past, and at the same time we shall do more than our share in bringing the war to an end—an end that will mean victory for ourselves and our allies and for world democracy.

DAVID LAMAR—EX-WOLF OF WALL STREET

By H. De WISSEN

A representative of The Forum *visited David Lamar, ex-"Wolf of Wall Street" at the Federal Prison in Atlanta. The object of the visit was to secure a series of articles, perhaps confessions of methods—a warning to those who might seek to play the Wall Street game, as David Lamar overplayed it. This article is a retrospect, an impression. What David Lamar may tell later should be a warning with a moral.*—The Editor.

SOME day in the month of January, 1918, the outer door of the white "Palace of Prisons," nestled among the green hills of Georgia, is to open and a tall, heavy, distinguished man of about fifty, with a shock of wavy iron-gray hair, is to step forth, free to go his way. And "his way" will lead him directly to a palace on Fifth Avenue in New York City, which he calls "home."

David Lamar is coming back—not to his old-time activities, not to the Wall Street that knows and fears him as "The Wolf of Wall Street"—but quietly, as the "ex-Wolf of Wall Street," to settle down in comfort, to toil not nor spin.

I have his own word for this, given to me a short while ago in a barren "reception room" in the Federal Prison at Atlanta, with an armed guard between us.

"I shall go back to my home in New York, live quietly on the money I have, and trouble nobody," were Lamar's exact words. And yet there is uneasiness in some sections of Wall Street whenever anyone looks at a calendar and remarks, "Lamar's time will be up very soon."

It has been said, and not denied, that Lamar was the only man the late J. P. Morgan feared. And it is true that scores, if not hundreds of men, including big men in finance, politics and other large lines of activities, made no attempt to deny that they feared this mysterious man who came unsung, unheralded, unknown, out of the West from a small

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advertising agency, headed straight for Wall Street, and within a year began to make big men down there sit up and take notice.

The very nature of operations in Wall Street is such that they cannot be transacted entirely in the open. Directors, operators and many others meet behind closed doors, and correspondence is not all filed away in the general letter file. It is as fatal to show your hand in speculative Wall Street as in poker, yet only the deals are surrounded with mystery, not the dealers. We know the men, who they are, where they are, how to reach them, at least with a note. There is nothing mysterious about them. David Lamar, however, was a mystery. His name appeared on no office doors. No one knew the hour or day or even week of his coming into Wall Street, yet he acquired a fortune, or several fortunes, by his varous operations and, despite the mystery surrounding him, few men appeared so much in public prints as he. It was difficult to locate him, practically impossible to find him in any office, even his home address was somewhat of a mystery at times, yet he was almost always around when it was worth his while to be around.

This is not a judgment of Lamar. He has already been judged and he has paid whatever society, backed by the Federal Government, has demanded him to pay. He is free again, and so there can be no diatribe as to his merits or demerits. But the fact remains that he *was* widely known, he *was* widely feared, he *was* called the " Wolf of Wall Street," and there were reasons for it all. He was attacked in the public prints, he was cartooned, he was arrested and rearrested, he was in various legal entanglements and the papers and magazines printed much about him, some mere chronicles of court action, and much of the " they say " class of gossip. There was always much smoke, and, of course, there was some fire, else he would not have been sent to prison, but his full story will never be known. Only that which it may please him to tell will ever be revealed.

Whether Lamar's name is really Lamar or Jones, few know. He is somewhat of the Spanish type, a very distin-

guished appearing man, forceful, large square-jawed and of engaging personality. One surprising thing about him is his eyes—they are not cold and gray and keen, as one might believe; they do not remind one of a " wolf " in any sense of the word. His eyes are large, kind, mild. They look out at you with a friendly, engaging gleam; they flash understandingly and give evidence of a rapid-fire brain, but they never glare or harden.

He is a brilliant conversationalist. He was received in certain well-known social circles, known as a judge of horses, an authority on harness racing, a patron of opera and an active, pleasing man of affairs with sufficient leisure to also be somewhat of a man of society and about town. He played the Wall Street game according to his own standards. He never agreed with Lawson that it was well to publicly " roast " his competitors or make public any of his methods. Yet he soon earned the distinction—and calamity—of becoming widely known as the " Wolf of Wall Street." One can understand what that means without possessing an intimate knowledge of the street or its methods. Wall Street has long been known as a somewhat crooked thoroughfare, and one pictures a wolf crawling about such a street. But however much he may or may not have earned that title, he has, to use his own words, " paid." " I have had my day in court, constitutionally protected; that is why I am in prison," he told me.

The thing that finally landed David Lamar behind Federal prison bars for two years was the impersonating, over the telephone, of Congressman A. Mitchell Palmer. This is the way a newspaper of December 4, 1914, worded it:

" David Lamar was yesterday found guilty of impersonating a Federal officer in an alleged attempt to defraud J. P. Morgan & Co. and the United States Steel Corporation."

Lamar had petty difficulties for many years but things began to get really hot for him along in 1913, when the publication of a story discrediting the dissolution of the Harriman merger brought him into the fiercest of public limelight.

Judge Lovett intimated, in his conservative way, that the stories had been spread to embarrass the company because of its refusal to pay blackmail. Other directors of the Union Pacific were far more outspoken. They declared that a notorious and thoroughly discredited market operator, whose questionable actions had gained for him the name of "Wolf of Wall Street," had associated himself with a New York lawyer in an attempt to blackmail the Union Pacific and its bankers through intimations of their power over ultra-radical members of Congress.

This brought on an investigation which disclosed the fact that a prominent lawyer, Mr. Lewis Cass Ledyard, received frequent telephone calls purporting to be from Congressman Palmer. This voice over the telephone offered to influence certain committees of the House—for a consideration.

Naturally, Congressman Palmer was surprised and shocked when Mr. Ledyard told him of "his" conversations. And, quite as naturally, Mr. Ledyard then tried to arrange a personal interview with the voice, which continued to declare itself to be that of Congressman Palmer, and, of course, he failed. Finally, however, the "voice" agreed to name a representative in whom Mr. Ledyard would have complete confidence. Arrangements were made and at the appointed hour there appeared Mr. Edward Lauterbach, a distinguished member of the New York Bar. This occurred in Mr. Ledyard's office, February 6, 1913.

In Lamar's trial in the Federal District Court on December 2, 1914, his attorney, H. E. Davis, said: "We are willing to admit our client, David Lamar, was the person who held telephone conversations with Mr. Ledyard at the times testified to." There was, before this, a Congressional investigation at which Lamar admitted that he was the man at the other end of the telephone. He stated, not without apparent amusement, according to publications at that time, that for reasons of his own he had impersonated many Congressmen in his time.

Many bitter things have been said and printed concern-

ing the "Wolf of Wall Street." One amazing and picturesque description appeared in the *Times Annalist,* as follows:

"When he is not hungry he works wantonly, for the love of it. Three incarnations ago he was a brigand in the South of Europe. By habit of blood he still wears a belt, which is betrayed in the slouch of his trousers; but otherwise he affects a dress of importance—the long dark coat with braid on the edges, a stick and gloves, and usually a high hat. He is handsome, big, and square hewn, with a swarthy hide three inches thick and a face that would do perfectly for the villain in a play with no making up. His name does not matter. He invented it."

It is said that he came to New York about twenty-five years ago from Omaha, where he was a railroad advertising man in the firm of King, Lewis & Co. In New York he started as a small speculator. Soon he became acquainted with Henry Hart, who had been for many years the president of the Third Avenue Railroad Company and who then had about $6,000,000. In a short time Lamar was Hart's confidential man. Then came long litigation over the manipulation of Third Avenue stock and it was discovered that Hart had lost about $5,000,000. It was never made clear exactly how he lost it.

Later Lamar became known as James R. Keene's "Gum shoe man," and both of them made much money in United States Leather common stock. It wasn't until about 1901 that Lamar began to get somewhat unfavorable notoriety in the papers. About that time the late E. H. Harriman had something to say about him. Harriman made the claim that in 1901 Lamar had offered to prevent Keene and his bull pool bringing adverse litigation against the management of the Southern Pacific providing Harriman would ally himself with Lamar. It was seldom that his activities were known in detail, but the following incident has been quoted as one example:

"A large railroad was once sued by a small stockholder, who pretended not to like certain financial transactions which were in a way to be consummated. It was obviously a 'strike

suit,' that is, someone had procured the suit to be brought. The person in whose name the thing was done had never attempted anything like that before, and was not at once associated with 'The Wolf,' but all the same it was strongly under suspicion. One day a man who knew 'The Wolf' by name and by experience met him in Wall Street and took him off his guard. He said:

"'You're handling this thing badly. You won't get away with it. You haven't got the evidence.'

"'Haven't I?' said 'The Wolf.' 'Come in here and I'll show you.'

"They went into a restaurant and sat down and 'The Wolf' produced the case out of his pocket. It was statistically perfect. It looked bad for the railroad. A few days later the injured stockholder discontinued his suit. Someone had settled with someone."

"The Wolf" was, indeed, a most amazing and clever man and did most amazing things, frequently not at all for any apparent gains. He seemed rather fond of the possibilities of the telephone. Negotiations to settle a big coal miners' strike had failed because the representatives of both sides were too stiff-necked to meet and had been unable to accomplish anything by proxy. Here is an account of how the "Wolf" wrought much good with the telephone, the same medium that later got him into such difficulty that he had to go to Atlanta. It happened in 1911:

"'The Wolf' took up the telephone and called the banker who represented the railroad companies. Without giving his name he said that he represented the president of the Miners' Association, who wished to know if the banker would see him personally. It was such an overture as saved the banker's pride, and he consented. Then 'The Wolf' called the president of the Miners' Association on the telephone and said, speaking for the banker, that the banker wished to see him in person. That was such an overture as saved the labor leader's pride. Two more telephone calls, one each way, and a meeting was definitely arranged. 'The Wolf' thereupon withdrew promptly."

David Lamar was a many-sided man. How he made all of his money no one knows. How much he made no one knows. How much he has today no one knows. His simple statement that he has enough to last him for the remainder of his days will doubtless bring relief to many in Wall Street, especially since he has declared that he will never again be active down there.

There are big men down in the Federal prison, big as to brains, big as to the influence they have wielded, big as to the things they have done or undone in public life. David Lamar is one of them. And he is coming forth to freedom this month. Two years of imprisonment have not broken him nor bent him nor even silvered his hair to any lighter shade than when he entered. What it has done to him he tells himself.

The Federal Prison is fifteen miles out from Atlanta and, seen on a sunny afternoon nestled among the green hills, it resembles a great white mansion—the home, perhaps, of some eccentric millionaire planter. There is nothing foreboding about it from a distance. There is no especial appearance of prison walls, and when they do appear they are of such snowy white appearance as to betoken more the whim of some wealthy man than a pile of masonry between men and freedom. They refer to it in Atlanta as the " Palace of Prisons." It is built in the cup of a small valley and one reaches it suddenly around a bend in the road. There are wide lawns, wonderful flower beds, clinging vines and a background of green hills and blue skies. It might have been a sanitarium or a college or even a " Peace Palace," however, a closer view showing the uniformed guards and the flash of the sun on their rifle barrels would soon correct that illusion. The front entrance is reached by a flight of spotless marble steps. There is an electric button. Touch this and the door seems to open automatically. One steps in and greets a smiling guard, but there are steel bars between.

" I came to see David Lamar."

" Step in. I will see if he can be reached. I think this is his recreation hour."

He opens the gate with an immense key, the visitor stepped inside, the door closed and the key clicked again in the lock. The vista is pleasing, a great marble lobby not unlike that of a hotel, with marble pillars. But a second glance shows another barred gate at the further end and another guard and more keys. There are doors on either side leading to reception rooms and in place of the hotel desk is a smaller one to which the visitor is led.

Then comes the ordeal. His name, age, nationality, place of birth, business—every detail; more detail, in fact, than is necessary to secure a war-time passport.

"We must search you," comes next, and everything is taken, money, keys, pocketknife, papers, letters and all else. The visitor might retain a pencil and blank paper, the official examines the paper to make certain it is blank, starts to hand it back, apparently decides there may be some invisible writing or something of that nature, so substitutes some prison paper. They are taking no chances down there.

All the information given by the visitor is carefully written down and the visitor reads and then signs it.

"You wish to see Lamar on business, I presume?"

The questioner presents a slip, the visitor writes the nature of his business on the slip. It takes the place of the hotel card. An attendant in white takes it and disappears behind the barred gate which a guard unlocks for him. The guard locks it again, the attendant disappears down a long, long hall, the visitor commands patience and waits. Through two gates the attendant with the slip must go, each is unlocked for him and locked behind him.

The guard is kind and chatty. He helps to break up the monotony of the wait and he seems to have an interest in Lamar.

"Mr. Lamar is a great talker. We all like to listen to him," said the guard. Suddenly there is a shuffling of feet and the white-uniformed attendant returns with Lamar to the gate. The visitor is admitted through the gate. There are now two steel gates between him and the front entrance. Another prison guard comes forward, and makes a sort of

formal introduction. He turns to Lamar, just brought forth from the depths of the prison, and says:

"This gentleman wants to see you on business."

Visitor and prisoner look steadily at each other. The blue crash uniform worn by Lamar is considerably frayed, but neat and clean. There is nothing about it to indicate prison garb, it might be the outer garments of a sculptor or a gardener or even a hunting suit. He wore a soft dark shirt and black tie. Big horn rimmed glasses give him the appearance of a student, an inventor, a professor.

"I do not recall the gentleman," he said, courteously, standing well apart.

"Well, anyhow, it is a business call and we might as well step into the reception room," said the guard, encouragingly.

With a sweeping bow Lamar consented and we passed into a cheerless barren room where the windows are high up in the walls and the only furnishings consist of a table and some chairs. A policeman's club hangs on the wall, and that is all.

We found chairs, the guard sitting between us. The door of the room was closed and all that went on inside was private save that the guard represented the ears of the Federal Government in all that transpired.

There was some talk as to the business in hand, but Lamar seemed troubled. Suddenly he turned to the guard.

"You will tell the Warden that this is a business call, that it does not interfere with my privileges of other calls from friends and relatives?" he asked eagerly.

"That is all right," the guard reassured him, "we all understand that." This relieved Lamar and he settled back comfortably in his chair and gazed at the ceiling, apparently in retrospect.

"I am on the shady side of life," he said suddenly, looking at the visitor. "I have all the money I need; I only want peace and to be left alone."

"You have no desire to exonerate your position before the world?" the visitor asked him.

Lamar seemed surprised.

"I do not share the views of Mr. Lawson, who wrote 'Frenzied Finance.' It is one of the unwritten rules of the men in Wall Street to take their medicine and not to squeal.

"I have had my day in court and was constitutionally protected. All that could be done for me was done. The courts were fair with me and I was justly imprisoned. I am in prison, but some day all that it means will be forgotten. When I come out I will be square, I will have paid whatever debt I owed. I have learned that everything concerning a man's happiness comes from within and that it is an inexhaustible source.

"There is no one I want to fight. When I am out of this I shall go back to my home in New York, live quietly on the money I have, and trouble nobody! Perhaps I shall evolve from my own experience a book of confessions—confessions that will help and inspire younger men to do right, but not exactly a book that will betray the game of Wall Street. There are morals that survive in a man's nature, even when he is in prison."

As we stepped out from the gloomy reception chamber into the marble corridor Lamar shook hands cordially.

"You know my address on Fifth Avenue, in New York. I hope we shall meet there very soon."

He walked briskly away toward the other gates that opened to the cells.

And so David Lamar, once the "Wolf of Wall Street," is coming back as a lamb—not a Wall Street lamb, but as a private citizen who will live quietly, ask only to be let alone, and give promise to molest no one, a fading memory of the Street—in fact, according to his promise, to be merely David Lamar, ex-Wolf of Wall Street.

THE COMING OF AMERICAN OPERA

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

The decree has gone forth. For a year or more, German opera has been banished from the Metropolitan. Not because we object in principle to German music; but because just now we do not like the thought of affording comfort to our unrelenting foes. The decision of the Metropolitan was aimed less at German art than at the German singers. By their attitude the most famous of them had offended us. It was time, high time, they had a sharp rebuke.

Meanwhile the German loss may mean a gain to our own art. Already we hear much of American opera. American singers have been added to the Metropolitan Opera Company. Before long, perhaps, it may be found quite feasible to give us at least some of the great foreign works we love in the language of Americans. It may not be easy, it may tax our powers, to establish opera here on a firm, national basis. But "in the bright lexicon of youth"—we know the rest. Some day, be sure, we shall have a school of opera, not unworthy to be ranked with that of France or Italy.—THE EDITOR.

THE day when we shall have a school of opera here in the United States is near. It has been coming a long while. The war has helped bring it. But such a thing as a national opera cannot be improvised. It cannot spring into being over night. None of the great European schools did. The creation and transition was gradual. It took years to advance from Peri to Verdi, from Lulli to Meyerbeer, from Gluck to Wagner.

But we are going in the right direction. We now need just four things: First, a National Conservatory. Next, the adoption of our own tongue on the opera stage. Next, English opera houses. Lastly, and chiefly, a new attitude on the part of American opera-goers, American managers and American critics.

We need a Conservatory to set standards and to teach composers, singers, actors, dancers and musicians their technique. We need our own language to allow our singers and composers to express themselves in their own way, and not as foreigners. We need more opera houses to afford them opportunities of becoming known. And to encourage them, we need more generosity, both from the men whose

power can make or mar young artists, and from the public, the great final judge of all.

At the foundation there should be the National Conservatory—supplemented, later on, by State Conservatories. It would take time, and thought and money to provide the essentials of such schools; the curriculum, the professors and the buildings. But what does money mean to a republic which is accustomed to think in billions? And as a corollary to the Conservatory (or Conservatories) essential to the upbuilding of American opera, there must be more opera houses.

It would be cruel, more than cruel, to form artists who could never hope to express themselves. In Paris and Brussels, to name only two great cities, the laureates, or prize-winners, of the singing and acting classes in the Conservatories are assured public appearances. Moreover, as a condition of their receiving subsidies, the directors of the leading opera houses are compelled to produce works by native composers.

If it is argued, as it has often been, that it would not be just to tax Americans unable to attend New York performances of opera for the benefit of those more fortunate, it may be answered, that, in addition to the Metropolitan there should be a local opera house—one such in every music-loving State. What is possible abroad is not impossible in the United States.

Once these Conservatories were created, enough singers could be found to supply companies for fifty or more dignified State lyric theatres. Thousands upon thousands of young people with good voices and at least some aptitude for acting are now studying here. And most of these would love to appear in opera. Great schools of opera can be evolved without Galli-Curcis and Carusos. The works themselves are vastly more important that the most marvellous singers. Till we get that simple fact into our minds, we shall not be artistic.

Till the position of the librettist in this country has been changed, we cannot hope for the success of American opera.

Good, singable and dignified librettos are absolutely essential to the adoption of our own language in our English opera houses; essential to the popularization and to the right understanding, by the masses, of lyric drama. Do not Frenchmen have their opera sung in French? Do not Italians have their Wagner sung in Italian? Do not Germans have their Bizet, Verdi and Gounod rendered to them in German? For one of us who can follow the foreign operas completely and intelligently when they are sung in the original tongues, quite fifty have to fall back on "translations" (such translations), which as a rule they cannot read because the lights are down—or to lose the meaning of the words and acting.

But, we are told, we should study our librettos before we go to the opera. And if we did, we should be still at sea. For cuts are freely made at all performances; and, though we had learned every book by heart, we could not know surely, as we should, what phrase or scene was being sung to us. How many of the thousands who attend the French performances of "Les Contes d'Hoffmann" at the Metropolitan know when to laugh or smile? How many of the throngs which sit through "Parsifal" or "Der Ring des Nibelungen" could tell you exactly what particular thought or episode went with the music?

Yet the masters wrote their music to fit words. Richard Wagner wished his works to be treated as dramas. Without understanding words what have we left? Mere sounds, which, even if beautiful, mean little. Put sense as well as sound into our operas and you increase our joy. And there is only one real way of doing that. You must let opera be sung to us in English.

Consider what a help this plan would be, not only to the listener, but also to the interpreter. It would give significance to what is now unclear. It would save our singers from the need of going abroad. It would enable them to express themselves with the same ease as foreigners. At first English might seem strange to some of us, to those who have grown used to foreign sounds. In other days the Germans swore by Italian. Forty years ago the Théâtre des Italiens

was fashionable in Paris. But they have changed all that in France and Germany. It is time we changed.

One thing is sure. The English tongue is as indispensable to the popularization of forty operas in this country as to the development of our own lyric drama. We might wait centuries for an American school of opera which depended for its creation on the support it would receive at the Metropolitan and the Chicago Opera House. The few dollars which result from the production of even a half success by an American composer at those theatres would hardly keep him in food for more than a year or so. He could not live on the delight of hearing his opera given from time to time at one of those great but grudging theatres. He needs outlets here and there in many houses. He needs royalties which are not crusts of bread. For, unlike the playwrights and the composers dear to Broadway, he cannot hope to see his opera "run." And in France a work which succeeds at one of the Paris houses may get frequent hearings in quite fifty others. The career of "Cyrano" or "Natoma" is limited by the activities and the authority of one management. Can you wonder if Victor Herbert confines himself almost wholly to comic opera? Or if less fortunate men, of high and genuine gifts, have had to devote themselves to teaching and concert work?

The managers of our two leading (if not only) opera houses, as we know, are foreigners. They cannot be expected to feel deeply pained by the anomalies of the existing system here. To Mr. Gatti-Casazza, the resourceful director of the Metropolitan, the English idiom and the music of Americans maybe seem equally barbarous. Mr. Campanini, who has charge of the Chicago Opera Company, has shown some interest in American opera. But he has not done much as yet, in a financial way, to cheer our composers. There is, unhappily, no competition in Chicago or New York to spur the activities of the two powers that be. Mr. Hammerstein is still forbidden to produce "grand" opera. Mr. Savage has, for the time being, left the operatic field. Washington is indifferent. The stimulus for prizes for "best operas" has

not greatly helped. And there are pessimists who fancy we cannot hope for more vital things in the shape of lyric-drama from American composers than a succession of "Monas" and "Cyranos."

But how can we develop native opera without more help? Musicians, as a rule, are not as wealthy as the ambitious millionaire to whom some years ago we owed that tedious work, "The Pipe of Desire." They need a living, or at least a fighting chance. What recompense can they look forward to for all the toil and time and thought that must be spent on the creation of one opera? At best, as things now stand, they may be vouchsafed five or six or ten performances. And they may starve if they depend upon their royalties. And none the less we have already some composers, of real parts and faith, with courage to embark on the most perilous adventure of writing operas. One such, who could be named, has been for years engaged on what those who know his score think an unusual work—perhaps a work of genius. If it is ever heard, two years or so from now, its authors (the composer and the librettist) may divide a thousand dollars. The singers who interpret them, however, will have earned fifty times the sum paid to the creators.

Now why should singers, even glorious singers, get almost everything in sight, and authors next to nothing? Carusos may be rare. But so are Puccinis. There is only one Debussy in the world and one Charpentier. Librettists of high rank are so uncommon that composers find it harder day by day to unearth good text-books. Ask Puccini how long he waited for his newest libretto. Ask Elgar why he does not write an opera. Ask Zandonai why, with his wondrous gifts, he has not yet had even one great triumph. Dukas has quite abandoned the idea of trusting to others for his librettos. In future he will invent his texts himself. And all those men need only the right "book" to inspire their genius. In twenty years a Caruso will earn millions. But when Wolf-Ferrari's exquisite "Le Donne Curiose" was performed at the Metropolitan, his net profits every night—this is said on his authority—were thirty-three dollars. Nom-

inally, to be sure, he made thrice as much. Two-thirds went to his publisher and agent. Each performance of " Le Donne Curiose " meant, on the other hand, twelve hundred or more dollars to one singer who interpreted his songs. The composer's comments on these facts attracted attention. They were soon forgotten.

And Wolf-Ferrari could at all events feel fairly sure of eking out his pitiful gains in the United States with European and South American royalties. Of the many opera houses in Italy and Germany, where he was popular, a score or two might produce his latest effort. The American composer has, at present, to rely on the small tributes of one operatic management. Nor can he, like his foreign brethren, count on praise or indulgence from the critics. He is lucky if he is treated even tolerantly by some of them. Nor can he look for special kindness from the public, to which six dollars, or five dollars, seem a title to the enjoyment of nothing but masterpieces.

In dealing with the works of our composers in the field of opera, we lack charity. We seem, like Shylock, to demand our pound of flesh. In Paris people make allowances. They applaud the promise and will wait for its fulfilment of the hope a composer offers. They do not damn a young and budding man of genius.

Yes. If you will, at the Metropolitan we may clamor for our pound of flesh or art. That is one reason why we need more lyric theatres. Puccini did not spring full-armed from Jove. Still less do Verdis. Composers have to try their wings before they fly high in opera. They must have time and opportunity to prove themselves. And they must live.

And now we reach a rather ticklish point. What composers have we who could give us operas?

Let us confess at this moment they are rare. They might be numerous if they had encouragement. We could name offhand Henry Hadley (whose " Azora " has been accepted by Mr. Campanini and whose setting of the writer's " Garden of Allah " libretto may be produced two years from now by the same manager), Victor Herbert (to whom we

owe "Madeleine" and "Natoma"), Arthur Nevin (author of "Poia"), the Italian-American Floridia (who wrote "Paoletta"), Walter Damrosch (composer of "The Scarlet Letter" and "Cyrano"), Horatio Parker (who invented "Mona"), Frederick Converse (who gave us "The Pipe of Desire" and more recently "The Sacrifice"), Carl Ruggles, a newcomer in the field, and who is now completing an arrangement of "The Sunken Bell" as a lyric drama, and Reginald de Koven (whose one serious opera, "The Canterbury Pilgrims," was heard at the Metropolitan this year). The known possibilities should also include Charles Wakefield Cadman, Edgar Stillman Kelley, Henry Gilbert and Charles Loeffler, besides Louis Gruenberg, an American pupil of Busoni, and Adriano Ariani, an Italian resident.

Not, if you like, a very long or dazzling list. Yet bright enough as a beginning.

Of these, some three or four, at most, could afford the luxury of devoting themselves to the creation of "grand" opera. The rest would doubtless tell you, if you asked them, that they could ill spare time to undertake such tasks. But, if they had at least a decent fighting chance of getting their works produced—not necessarily at the Metropolitan, but, in a modestly artistic way at some other house—you would soon see them busy. To perfect their art our composers need productions. Where can they find them as things stand today? They are lucky if their works are even read.

While we wait for the foundation of a conservatory and the creation of a chain of local opera houses, could not some generous millionaire endow one dignified parent theatre for performances of original operas by Americans and foreign operas well sung to English words? Two centuries ago, in a biting essay, Joseph Addison derided English snobs for allowing opera to be sung to them in foreign tongues. What, he asked, would the descendants of those snobs say when they read of such foolish practices? But the snobs, alike in England and America, still do as their ancestors. Night after night they drink in senseless sounds at the Metropolitan. They let foreign singers dominate the opera stage

They care nothing for the possible composers and librettists who, with some help, would come in time to give them what the artistic foreign countries boast—a living, lasting school of national opera.

WINTER ETCHING — FIFTH AVENUE

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

A SPENT dusk with the smoldering afterglow,
Lemon and mauve, unnoticed altogether,
Except where shining cars or polished leather
Catch and distort the sky. The dull shades grow
Still duller as the brilliant overflow
Streams gaily from the shops, and in high feather
The world goes home through an electric weather;
Laughter beats on this twilight like a blow.

A paper darts before the eyes; one sees
A line, "No Peace in Sight." Two soldiers pass,
Two soft-cheeked boys, for all their swaggering strut.
An old man, weak about the eyes and knees,
Climbs up the temple steps and tries the brass
And sacred iron gates—and finds them shut.

THE VULTURE WOMAN

By WYNDHAM MARTYN

[A SHORT STORY]

SOUTHWICK had lived so long in the remoter parts of Serbia that he came to know the people and speak their tongue in a manner remarkable for an American.

Almost a score of years ago the phylloxera wiped out most of the vineyards of Serbia. These dead vines were replaced with the hardy plants of America, and Southwick —skilled in viticulture—had been appointed to foster their growth.

It was a pleasant thing for Southwick in his exile to look over purple hillsides and know they were vines from his native land which had re-established an ancient industry. And there was a certain strain of sentiment in the American which made him, each year when the flowering vines gave off their subtle, sweet flavor, tell himself that he was indeed for the moment in his own California.

The earlier wars in which Serbia found herself embroiled did not interest him greatly. He had been told when he accepted his far-away post, that a spark might set the Balkans aflame at any moment. It was only after Austria's brutal ultimatum that he began to wonder what he could do to help the country that was his home. Southwick, like most of his countrymen, had received no military training. And like most Americans he had looked with a subconscious disfavor on standing armies and big navies. His was not the militaristic ideal.

Because of his utter lack of skill of the rudiments of drill, the care and use of a rifle and those necessary elements of knowledge which must belong to a soldier, he was useless in the well-trained army of Serbia.

He could not shoot, he could not march with the peasants

and carry their heavy loads. Ten years of modified labor had left him flabby and unable to do his share with the rest. It was humiliating knowledge, but he did not allow this to stop him. If there was work to be done he would do it.

For a time he was with the Stobart Ambulances learning whatever he could, suffering much, never grumbling, and serving as the rest did without pay. Later he became attached to an American Ambulance financed privately.

It was with this he began that terrible winter flight through Montenegro and Albania which was not the flight of an army but the retreat of a nation. Nearer theatres of war and operations of more powerful nations on greater scales have diverted attention to Serbia's disaster; but when the war's history is written there will still be eyes to weep and hearts to ache for those dreadful days when a gallant nation set out southward to meet the troops of France and Italy which never came.

Southwick's particular charge was a hospital tent drawn by four steers. He had taken a peculiar pride in their welfare. Where other horned beasts had sickened and fallen by the way he had foraged for his own patient creatures at the price of his own comfort.

Once or twice it had been hinted to him that his tent and supplies must sooner or later be abandoned; that there was no time or opportunity to set up tents and attend to the wounded. A man must go as far as he could and then die quietly and courageously as Serbians should. There were rumors that the enemy pressed closely behind. Salonika was their far goal.

It was on a Christmas morning that Southwick's troubles pressed most irksomely upon him. Two of his steers developed curious symptoms of weakness. He was unskilled in the diagnosing of bovine illness and there was not a man he knew who had greater understanding than his own.

The poor brutes were toiling up the steep mountain side in that jam of gun-carriages, commissariat wagons, private carriages and mass of human beings when one of the sick steers dropped. Its ailing fellow made an attempt to keep its

feet, but fell. And while they lay there other carts were driven over the quivering bodies. Then the heavy harness dragged the other steers down into the red mire. Southwick, used as he was by now to sights of horror, turned his eyes away. He could not look. He realized in that moment that they had been his friends, these patient beasts.

Presently an officer ordered that the tent wagon be pushed back from the crowded road. Apathetically Southwick saw it crashing down the steep hillside, tent, medical supplies, surgical dressings, and a hundred other things that charitable ladies had sent.

For a time the American sat by the roadside watching the unceasing procession. He had been ailing of late. There had been little food, but he had been able to keep up the flight for the reason that he had not been called upon to walk. And he was hungry and the bitter winds tortured him.

A year ago he had been the guest of a Serbian family. They had strewn straw upon the floor symbolical of the birth of Christ in a stable. And to the youngest child fell the immemorial custom of throwing a walnut into each corner of the room, signifying that the Christ had come for all men in whatsoever part of the earth. How he wished he could drink some rakkia and coax some warmth into his body!

What probably saved his life was the passing of a peasant with a newly-roast sheep on a spit. For a substantial sum Southwick was allowed to hack off a portion of the warm meat. Then he begged a cigarette from a mounted officer whose head was bound in great strips of scarlet-stained bandage.

He found himself regarding life with new eyes. The main body of the army had gone on. He was with the stragglers. If he had been content to push his steers beyond their strength he would have been days ahead perhaps. It was this sparing them that had brought him so far in the rear. But he found himself, now he was fed, possessed of an overpowering desire to sleep. Further along the road he saw some dead men. Their coats might make admirable covering

so he removed them. And in the pockets of one he found some cigarettes. He regarded his benefactors with kindly eyes and sank at their side into sudden sleep.

It was dark when he awoke and no living thing seemed near. Straining his ears he heard below him the dragging steps of a walking horse. Presently the animal came abreast of him. The rider had fallen from him and had been dragged by the stirrup until his face had been pounded out of recognition by the rocks in the way. There were no cigarettes in his pocket. There was nothing to eat. A box of white coated pills was the only treasure the pockets offered. Southwick flung them away impatiently. The horse was worth having and could carry him to his friends in front.

The beast was plainly tired, but he was an animal of quality and would go while he had strength to stand. In an hour or so Southwick caught up with the rest. He found them in a state of great excitement. News had come that bands of Albanian bandits were at their heels ready for rapine and loot. The women in particular were fearful.

Southwick kept with this last straggling band. He had a revolver. He might be of some use yet. His role of non-combatant was ended apparently. The hurrying mob before him did not notice for a long time that the American was no longer with them. When they did, they dared not go back to look for him. Perhaps some robbers had coveted his horse and silently killed him for its possession. They put more of their desperate efforts in the ascent.

This is what happened to Southwick: His horse, which had already endured incredible hardship, died suddenly. His great, courageous heart had burst and he fell heavily, prisoning his rider beneath him.

It was very cold when Southwick came to consciousness, and the stars gave little light. The din which had enwrapped him for so long was gone; a blessed peace brooded over the night. It was only when he essayed to rise that a stab of pain reminded him where he was. He knew that the leg on which the dead horse lay was broken. And he knew, too, that unaided he could never free himself from the super-

incumbent weight. Death, which had been near him so long, was coming in a way even more dreadful than he had pictured. The racking pain and the increasing despair presently brought him into a state of mind where fact and fancy marched hand in hand. He thought phantom armies went by him and he tried to count them as they passed. After a time the pain became easier and was followed by a not unpleasant faintness, and he listened with closed eyes to a certain rhythmic buzzing which by degrees wove itself into definite phrases. They were meaningless, he knew, but it gave him a strange pleasure to repeat them time after time, time after time.

What brought him with a start from this half delirious state was the sudden appearance of a light only a few hundred feet distant. It was Hope in the guise of a lantern bearer. Soon he saw, moving toward him slowly, illumined now and then by the occasional moonlight, a dark-clad woman. He imagined her to be one of those consecrated sisters whose lives, devoted to others' needs, had lent some softening influence even to a scene so grim as this. He lifted his soul in praise that in this, his dark hour, some help had been sent. It was evident she had been attracted by his feeble cries, for she came directly toward him.

It was not until the lantern came near that he saw, lying at his side, a man in the uniform of a major of Serbian artillery. One white hand was flung out so that it almost touched the American. On the little finger there flashed a stone of great value. The lantern looked dim beside the sparks its light had drawn from the big diamond.

He thought the man lay as one dead, but saw that the woman bent over him evidently hoping to find some faint lingering life that she might nurse back to strength. A certain delicacy of feeling prevented Southwick seeking to attract her attention until she had finished with the more dangerously wounded of the two. Lying as he was under the dead horse she had not yet seen him. She must have imagined that the cries which summoned her proceeded from the hardly breathing Serbian over whom she leaned. Southwick

saw her place her hand over the artilleryman's heart. Her face was still hidden from him.

Perhaps some faint movement of the American came to her keen ear, for suddenly, even furtively, she faced about and stared at the rectangle of shadow which enveloped him.

And when Southwick looked up at what stared down at him his heart turned to water and the sentence he had framed died away in a groan. This was no little sister of the poor and wounded but one of those ghoulish women who in all the ages of the world have followed carrion-like on the rear of armies.

Grizzled hair hung wisplike over a thin, cruel face so deeply lined that it might have seen a hundred years. The calloused, skinny large jointed hands that clasped the lantern looked to Southwick like the claws of a vulture tipped with black nails pointed and curved.

Since she did not move toward the American and seemed satisfied from his immobility and the dead horse that he belonged to the silent company of the slain, he supposed that his stifled groan had been indrawn, perceptible to himself alone.

The hag set the lantern on the ground so that Southwick had a plain view of the Serbian officer. The white face and half-shut eyes told the ambulance man the tale that was no longer new to him. Half a thousand he had tended who lay like this one with dimmed, colorless eyes and rigid frame. The woman seized on the hand where the ring was with a harsh, wolf-like cry. And when the finger, crooked in the last agonies of a tortured death, forbade her to withdraw the gold band with its precious jewel she hacked at it with a long, slender knife, that bent with the force she exerted.

Overcome by the sight of this obscene creature, Southwick closed his eyes in the extremity of terror. Supposing the Serbian were not dead after all and should suddenly be called back from the border land by the agony of her maimings! Southwick expected every moment to hear the screams of dreadful awakening.

A little later he heard the woman rise from the Serbian's

side. Through closed eyes he could detect the nearness of the light to his own face. He remembered that the hand outflung and nearest to the woman there was a gold signet ring. And while it was no prize comparable to what she had just taken the precious metal might tempt her. It seemed he had lain without drawing a breath for minutes. Then the foul, claw-like hand found its way to the inner pocket where a little money was hidden. He could not restrain a slight shudder of repulsion at the thought of those unclean fingers clutching at the intimate letters that he carried with him, letters from the girl he was to marry so soon as the war was done. As he shrank away, the hand was quickly withdrawn. Between half-closed eyelids he saw that it was now clasped about the knife. Anxious, apparently, to know whether he still lived she bent down to listen for the heart's action. So close was she he could feel her wrinkled skin scraping his bared neck.

In that moment of danger he could not refrain from half opening his eyes again. He wanted to know where was the hand that held the knife. It would be possible, he hoped, to glance through the lashes so cleverly as to hide the movement from her.

But his own eyes looked into the hard, suspicious eyes of the watching woman. As her arm was raised above her so that she could bring the weapon with force on his unprotected throat, he gripped her skinny neck with hands made suddenly strong with the desperate need of the moment. She struggled like a trapped beast and in the doing of it dropped her knife. Her curved claws tore his face, seeking the eyes so that he was blinded by his own warm blood. The pain served only to arouse him the more thoroughly.

God, how she squirmed and battled for her life! But he gripped tighter and tighter, so that the agony of his cramped fingers was almost unbearable. By and by her rigid body seemed limper and her struggles ceased. Southwick was now nearing hysteria. It was a devilish trick on her part, he told himself, to make him think she was unconscious so that she might escape. And if she did she could

stand behind the horse's body and torture him at will, knowing he could not reach her. And then again he thought the soul was trying to escape the constricting throat, and he grew frightened lest some power of evil might be born of physical death to harm him. Mercifully for his reason, unconsciousness like a cloud descended on him.

Pain, hours later, stabbed him into consciousness and brought him back from a nightmare world where great weights were placed on his chest to torture him. When he grew more fully awake he perceived that this burden was something actual, not a phantasy. It was so near him that at first he could not comprehend at what he gazed. Then he saw. It was the now bloated face of the dead woman that pressed against him; her eyes were half open and the shapeless tongue protruded grotesquely from a swollen mouth.

He shricked aloud and sought with failing strength to shake the accursed thing from him. His shrieks were hoarse and terrible to his own ears. Presently there settled on him the conviction that this dead woman and he were to be linked together through all eternity. To have her leering down at him forever. A passion of tears came to him and he asked God what he had done to merit this punishment. Then he fell to trying, as a child might, to think what eternity meant by repeating forever—forever—forever—forever . . .

It seemed hours later when human voices broke on his ears, and his tired eyes looked in reality on salvation. It was an American Ambulance which was trying to catch up with the main body of the troops.

"It's all right," said one of the men cheerily. "Here we are, old man."

Quickly, yet not without a shudder, he dragged the corpse from his fellow countryman. He could learn later what had happened.

"Forever," Southwick repeated slowly, "forever—forever."

"MY TYPES"—RUPERT HUGHES

By PENDENNIS

IN the vogue of modern fiction, which has taken its flavor from the hectic elementals of our best cabarets and tango parlors, which has made love-making an art unequaled by the legerdermain of camouflage, authors have become rich. They have been tempted and they have fallen. They have tumbled, eagerly defying anyone to say they have. In the luxury of their tapestried sanctums they may have endured a twinge of literary conscience, but not so much as the man who hordes forbidden food, or the woman who smuggles her imported jewels into the country without duty.

It was with these reflections filtering their impression of the new vogue in modern magazine fiction that I went to see Rupert Hughes. Justly or unjustly, he had been classed with those brilliant, younger authors, whose versatility had been misled by the publisher's checkbook

"I have been accused of writing hectic novels," he said, feverishly drawing at a cigar he was not enjoying, "and I have been told I manufacture words, phrases—that I overelaborate in style. I have been told this by book reviewers who haunt me when I am trying to be most conscientious. We all have nightmares at some time, and mine usually occurs after I have worked far into the night on some bit of writing that I felt sure was good. The nightmare comes to me just before I awake and takes the form of a book reviewer, criticizing the proofs of what I have written the night before. It is so vivid that as soon as I am awake I very often destroy what I have written. An author is not supposed to know as much as a book reviewer. I think it is a false tradition, because some of them do know as much.

"Of course, I know what you want me to do, to explain

how I get my types, how my novels grow into what they are, but when I do tell you I run the risk of being accused of being occult. I am violently anti-occult.

"The chief opportunity of a novelist today is to destroy traditions, to ignore the formalities, to do something more than photograph the men and women and things that are about him. No photograph was ever a true picture of any human being. The moment we sit for a photograph we become someone else. Of course, we look at the time exactly as the camera catches us, but how dreadfully we are usually looking then. As an illustration of what I feel is the novelist's task this will serve. Mere photography of people in a story is not enough. In fact, to attempt such a feat creates false facts in a novel. There is in every human being a spiritual inclination, a detached identity that the novelist should do his best to interpret. I almost never describe the physical appearance of any of my types. I may have said he had black hair or blonde hair, but nothing more definite. This is because I rarely see my characters in their physical qualities. I feel them intensely. As they become better and better realized, I grow more and more acquainted with them and seem more fond of them, more sympathetic. I hear them speak in their own language and voices, but I never see them. That sounds mystical and is a trifle incomprehensible, perhaps, but I do not mean anything in the least occult. I mention it because it is the keynote to the real grasp of character which I think a novelist should always have, the spiritual grasp.

"You know, I began by writing what we call small town stories, stories about people who live in communities of ten or fifteen thousand. I was born in a small village in Missouri, but spent a good part of my boyhood in the small city of Keokuk, Iowa. It had been ridiculously libeled, for it is a very picturesque little town with very beautiful scenery. One of my early stories was about Keokuk, a short sketch called 'The Mouth of the Gift Horse.' It was the story of a poor boy who amassed a big fortune from an invention and then went back to spend it in beautifying

his home town, for which philanthropy he went bankrupt, was disowned by his neighbors and died poor. The theme was in the title, the character which interpreted it was known to me only when I was a boy. It was considered very clever, and I was praised by my townspeople until a newspaper in a rival community accused me of betraying, of holding Keokuk up to ridicule. It was many years before I could live down some of the hostility I aroused. In some ways that experience taught me a lesson—to be careful in the selection of my types.

"I suppose the beginning of my career as a 'hectic novelist' was when I wrote a play called 'What Will People Say,' which was produced as 'The Triangle.' It included incidentally but not primarily the world old theme of two men and a woman. The play failed, but was considered important. I novelized it and sold it as a novelette to a magazine for $400. The editors changed—a new policy came in—and they wrote me to know if I would care to return the money or write them another story in its place. I replied that the money had long ago been spent, but I gave them an essay and a playlet in place. Years afterward I was urged to write a serial and I took up the ruins of the play, and was moved to make it as vivid a story as I could of New York and its immediate career. It had great success as a serial and as a novel. If that editor had kept it at $400 I should have been unable to make use of it. So misfortunes often turn out for the best in true copybook style.

"I have always been in love with New York. When I was a student at Yale I used to get up there as often as I could. I am still in love with New York, and I have never been disillusionized. When some success came to me a little later, with fiction, I observed that there seemed to be a rubber stamp on every New York story. The rubber stamp called it 'Babylon.' Now, it didn't appeal to me as that sort of a place. It is full of kindness, of swift emotions, of human sympathies, and it is no more a Babylon than Keokuk, Iowa, is one. The potential possibility of a new Babylon exists in every small or large town where people are thrown together,

are living close together. If it wasn't a Babylon story, which the traditions of fiction saddled on New York, then it was a melodramatic bit of pathos. The story of the innocent girl who is rescued by the husky policeman, who cracks the villain over the head with his club at the proper time, and jovially returns her to the vine-covered cottage in her far Western home. Now, between these two fictional traditions of New York there was a wide road on which there was plenty of room for true stories about real people. So, instead of approaching New York as one approaches an adventuress, in an attitude of censorious suspicion, I approached New York with sincere sympathy, with great respect, with intense pleasure. All its vast wealth was not massed against me. All its extreme poverty, its sordid vices, its justice and injustice seemed perfectly human, not inhuman.

"Speaking about motives, in the final analysis of motives in human nature, which are motives that concern the novelist, people are alike all over the world. They have been alike for thousands of years. The women in Assyria talked about clothes, and criticized each other, just as the women in New York do today. The vices of Rome during the time of Caesar were no worse than the vices of New York are now. It was merely a question of broad sympathy to understand that the great wealth of New York was not in the hands of men and women who had acquired it merely to crush out the lives of the poor, and that the poor people were not envious of great wealth, but were envious of emotional sympathy. The most remarkable thing in the psychology of human beings is that the whole course of their lives is influenced by the pain or the pleasure of a moment. For instance, I might be watching a terrific battle in which thousands of men were being slaughtered, and all of a sudden a cinder blows into my eye, and I forget all about the battle, all about the pain and mystery of my fellow-being, and think only of that confounded cinder and the pain it is giving me. A man with a violent toothache will lose every sense of obligation, every prospective of ideals he would normally have, until he is cured. These are instances I refer to merely

to emphasize that the chief ingredient of the novelist's trade is the broadest sympathy with the small frailties of human nature. It is his business to chronicle the toothache as it really acts and reacts.

"Therefore, I approach my types with sincere compassion for the small things that disturb the great events of their lives. Their morals are always exposed to the little pinpricks, the disagreeable surprises of physical source. My types are chiefly composite; they are bits of many people that seem to adjust themselves into one concrete character. I generally start with a universal theme. 'Empty Pockets,' for instance, was a story dealing with the real sympathy of the rich for the very poor, and the astonishing dramas that result from their intercourse. That was only the theme. Then I retire into a smoking period of restless incubation, and I wait for some character to formulate. The character appears to me, but I could not describe with exactitude what it looks like. For instance, if the character is an old maid, she will reveal herself rather in a gesture, in the way she walks, or simpers—not in the way she looks, or in the clothes she wears. By degrees the characters become absolutely clear to me, and I try to retain the language which they use, not the language I give them to use. I photograph conversations and reproduce them as accurately as my memory will allow. I try to avoid the easy, what I call rubber stamp, phrases in fiction. I am particularly fond of research for the right word, the exceptional adjustment of words, for the color of writing is in the words you choose.

"It has been the custom among recent novelists to write stories containing only four or five characters. Splendid results have been attained, but there had been an almost complete neglect of the larger canvas, such as Dickens gave us, and the French writers. They used forty or fifty characters in a novel, taking the utmost pains to develop many characters to real importance. An exceedingly difficult thing to do, to keep them tied close to the complications of the story, but necessary to the duty of novel writing. The types to write about are endless, and I think if the novel-

ist reaches out for them, spiritually, instead of merely for dramatic effect, he will find a richer fulfillment in the pleasure of his work. I have been fortunate in making my types recognizable in life. When I write a story about the slums, which deals with crime and poverty, I usually get letters from ex-convicts congratulating me on my knowledge of their feelings. In fact, they have told me I was one of them.

"These are some of the ideals which the novelist at least aspires to. Especially important is the matter of construction. I think many very highly praised realists overlook the importance of artistic design. There should be a firmly articulated skeleton underneath the flesh and clothes. There is an infinite variety of designs available, but if a novelist is an artist and that great thing, a true story-teller, he will try to give his story a definite structure as a story. A remarkable instance of design is the perfect circle which Hardy constructed in his 'Mayor of Casterbridge.'

"My types come to me in what might be termed ghost-like intensity. I see their spirits and they pass through mine to the printed page. I write unsystematically—that is to say, when I feel like writing; this is a confession which is the despair of the editor who is waiting for copy. The novelist should make his types live through his sympathy, not merely of reason, but his emotional sympathy. To make the reader see and feel a character in a novel requires intensity of emotion in the author. He should also delve deep into history present and ancient and have a knowledge of the world as it was, otherwise he can't know it as it is or why. He ought to try to be a scholar, an artist, and then tell a story for the story's sake."

There was nothing in the interview with Rupert Hughes to confirm his relations with the coterie of young authors who have created a vogue of modern fiction previously referred to. No man could express with more sincerity a seriousness of purpose as a novelist than Rupert Hughes has in his attitude toward his work. Perhaps the new vogue of realism is to be the trend of future fiction.

COLORED LIES

By EMANUEL CARNEVALI

I

THE houses in a long row
Have wind-burnt red faces.
These coffins of motionless air
With a fat, silly stare
Beckon at the winds that blow
A joyous insult in their faces—
Old spinsters
Gulping respectably their hate
At the wanton gait
Of scuttling skirts of tall young girls.
They have wind-burnt red faces,
They respectably try
To smile
A red lie
For a while
In a long row
As the winds blow.

II

Men dress in blue, black and gray
And these are the three colors of the sky.
Hate, love and goodness huddled in the space
Of a buttoned jacket without grace.
Because the sky
Will gaze
So gently down
And ask these men to tell the how and why,
These tiny, busy things under a jacket
Will hide a frown,
And crawl away
Clad in blue, black and gray—
Three-colored lie
To betray
The gently gazing, innocent big sky. . . .

O, the intrusion
Would put confusion
Into the chests of men
Who crawl away
Armored in lies of black and blue and gray.

THE INCONVENIENCES OF BEING NEUTRAL

By LAURENCE VAIL

[A DRAMATIC SUITE]

I.

IT is seven o'clock of a morning of June, 1916, in a large barn-like room in Southampton Station. A continuous stream of travellers—weary, dishevelled, generally demoralized—enters from the right, pauses before a number of tables behind which military officials are seated, then flows out of the room by the opposite side. Behind one of these tables is seated an extremely youthful English officer. He appears good-natured, somewhat sleepy, and not specially capable. There enters a little red-headed man carrying an enormous valise. For a moment he gazes about him rather vacantly, then comes to a stop before the young officer, who stifles a yawn and tries to look business-like.

OFFICER (*formal, bored but agreeable*): Your name, if you please, Sir?

LITTLE MAN (*his accent is an odd mixture of Russian and Cockney*): My name is Smith.

OFFICER: Christian names?

SMITH: Pepito Fritz.

OFFICER (*sharply*): Nationality?

SMITH (*nervously*): No nationality.

OFFICER (*looking at Smith queerly*): No nationality! Where were you born?

SMITH (*humbly*): In a balloon.

OFFICER (*casually, with feigned indifference*): Where was this balloon at the moment of your birth?

SMITH (*with conciliating sweetness of tone*): Over the Lake of Constance.

OFFICER: That is, over Switzerland?

SMITH (*nervously*): That's the trouble. Mother doesn't know whether I was born over the Swiss or the German part of the lake. You see, she was rather—er—er—a bit absentminded at the time.

OFFICER (*trying to conceal perplexity behind briskness of tone*): Whom did the balloon belong to?

SMITH: To a Spaniard.

OFFICER: Your father's nationality?

SMITH (*sadly*): I really don't know, Sir. Mother never told me. Her memory never was very good.

OFFICER (*desperately*): Your mother's nationality?

SMITH: Nothing in particular. Something Hungarian-Slav-Spanish-like.

OFFICER: Have you any sympathies—any political opinions—any—. (*He halts, conscious of the absurdity of his question.*)

SMITH (*confidential and nervous*): I've nothing against the English, and—

OFFICER (*defiantly*): You're a pro-German!

SMITH: Oh, no; not at all, Sir. But I've got nothing against the Turks and the Austrians either. I think this war is most inconvenient. I'm neutral; that's what I am. I'm perfectly neutral.

OFFICER: Then you must go back to France. There's a boat at midnight. You may stay here till then—in this room. Make yourself at home.

Smith looks pathetically around him. Then sighing deeply he carries his valise to the remotest corner of the room and sits down on it.

II.

Pontalier, five o'clock on the morning of July 2, 1916. A small room in the station hastily constructed by means of bare planks. An ancient, benevolent, bearded soldier shouldering a bayonet walks up and down the narrow space. At a

small table littered with papers sits a little dark Frenchman. He is new at this kind of work and conceals it by an aggressive, authoritative manner, which he often has considerable trouble to sustain. It is his one grievance against fate that during the two weeks he has been stationed at the frontier he has failed to discover a spy. His suspicions have been aroused by Smith, who stands facing him on the opposite side of the small table. Smith appears abject and miserable.

OFFICIAL (*severely, tapping his fingers nervously on the table*): The sooner you confess, the better for you.

SMITH (*with tears in his voice*): But I assure you, Monsieur——

OFFICIAL: Silence! I tell you that you had better confess. If you don't confess now, we'll keep you here till you do. We'll keep you a month, ten months if necessary. You can't deceive me. (*He fingers miscellaneous papers importantly.*) We have information concerning you. You are known. You have been watched. Now answer me, and mind you answer the truth. Where were you on the first of August, 1914?

SMITH (*beside himself with terror*): On the first of August, 1914? Did you say the first day of August?

OFFICIAL (*sternly*): I said the first of August, 1914.

SMITH: I don't know. I can't remember.

OFFICIAL: Where were you at the outbreak of war?

SMITH (*very promptly*): In Munich.

OFFICIAL (*rubbing his hands with relish, and smiling suavely*): So you were in Germany. Now don't be afraid. You see we know all this already. I merely wish to ascertain whether you are telling the truth. What were you doing in Germany?

SMITH (*reassured by official's change of manner*): Nothing in particular. Just living, you know.

OFFICIAL (*severely, with impressive solemnity*): Be careful. Tell me the truth. You have told me already one lie.

SMITH (*frightened again*): You say I told you a lie?

OFFICIAL: You told me that you didn't know where you were on the first of August, 1914, and that you were in Munich at the outbreak of war. Now war broke out on the first of August, 1914. You see, your two statements do not tally.

SMITH: I didn't know—I didn't mean—I forgot—(*He collapses entirely.*)

OFFICIAL (*relentlessly*): What were you doing in Munich at the outbreak of war?

SMITH: I was—I was—

OFFICIAL (*insinuatingly*): Shall I help you? You were in the employ of the German secret service.

SMITH (*horror-stricken*): No! No! I assure you.

OFFICIAL: Then what were you doing? Come! Don't be afraid.

SMITH (*taking a sudden resolution*): I was being engaged.

OFFICIAL (*puzzled*): What?

SMITH: I was going to be married.

OFFICIAL: To a "Boche"?

SMITH (*helplessly*): Yes.

OFFICIAL: Of course she was also in the German secret service. (*Fidgeting again with his papers.*) We know all about the woman. You see we are fully informed.

SMITH (*unable to restrain a smile in spite of his terror*): Gretchen wasn't that style. She was very fat, very blonde—

OFFICIAL (*wisely*): I see no reason why a fat blonde woman should not be a spy.

SMITH (*whimsically*): I did not marry her.

OFFICIAL (*genial and perfectly natural*): I congratulate you. (*Recovering his severity with an effort*): Why didn't you marry her?

SMITH (*sadly*): Because I was neutral. You see I had no political opinions. I never had any. (*Confidentially.*) You can't imagine what a lot of inconvenience this neutrality has caused me. People don't understand it.

OFFICIAL (*looks at Smith curiously*): So you are a neutral? (*Smith nods.*)

The official glances at the soldier, who has ceased to march up and down the room in order to listen more attentively to the dialogue. The soldier shakes his head humorously, places his forefinger in the middle of his forehead, thereby indicating that in his opinion Smith is more of a fool than a knave.

OFFICIAL (*importantly*): You will perceive that I have a method of my own. That is why a spy never passes through my fingers. (*The soldier coughs, the official looks up irritable.*) March! Who told you to stop? (*The soldier shoulders his bayonet and paces the room.*) I begin where others finish and I finish where others begin. Your name?

SMITH: Smith.

OFFICIAL: You're sure it's not Schmidt?

SMITH: No! Pepito Fritz Smith.

OFFICIAL: Birthplace?

Smith tells him the tale we know, concerning the balloon and his peculiar parentage. At first the official listens attentively, noting down Smith's answers in a register. Suddenly he rises to his feet, smacks Smith good-naturedly on the back. The soldier has ceased to march up and down the room and stands grinning at the pair.

OFFICIAL (*genially*): You may take the next train for Switzerland, but don't you dare come back to France before the end of the war. Our asylums are crowded, and we need every available place for the wounded. If you take my advice you'll keep quiet about that balloon story. You may go.

Smith, beaming with happiness, picks up his bag and shuffles out of the room.

OFFICIAL (*to himself*): Another day lost! (*Consolingly.*) They must come some day—these German spies. (*The soldier grins. The official glares at him angrily.*) What are you doing? Hurry up. March! (*The soldier humorously shoulders his bayonet.*)

III.

A mid-summer night, 1916, in the hall of the Palais Mascotte, Zurich. The hall is densely crowded, mostly with people of exotic appearance. At least fifty per cent of the audience is composed of Balkans and South Americans; one perceives, too, a fair number of Belgians and Germans and a score of ladies from that exceedingly international country known as the demi-monde. Very few French, Italian and British are present. Some inconspicuous Swiss are scattered around.

At one end of the room, on a small stage, a middle-aged woman wearing tricolor tights is singing a patriotic French song with an unmistakably Teutonic accent. Hearty applause follows the end of her performance. She is succeeded by an Italian woman in green who sings a Viennese ditty. More loud applause. The curtain falls at half-past ten, and the public is informed of half an hour's intermission.

At the back of the room Smith is seated at the same table as a chubby Turk, a sallow-faced Chilian, a tall Swiss from Lausanne, and a brisk, dapper little Swiss from Basle. At the next table two discontented girls are sipping sherry cobblers.

SMITH (*beaming happily, addressing nobody in particular*): Ah! It's good to be in a neutral country!

TURK (*friendly*): Just come out of Germany?

SMITH: No, out of France. It's not comfortable there for a neutral.

TURK: You mean for a pro-German neutral?

SMITH: Oh, no. For a neutral-neutral. I don't care who wins the war.

CHILIAN: I don't care who wins the war, still I'm not a neutral. I wouldn't dare to be. A man must have some friends.

TURK (*to Chilian*): What are you now, by the way?

CHILIAN: I'm a pro-German since yesterday. You see there's a very pretty Viennese just arrived at my hotel.

TURK: Last week you were pro-Ally, if I remember.

CHILIAN: I was in love with Adèle. She has gone back to Paris.

SMITH (*with whimsical earnestness*): But if there were no Adèle and no Viennese lady—then you would be a neutral?

CHILIAN: No, no. One must have an opinion. It's not respectable to be neutral. (*Indicating by a movement of his head the girls at the next table.*) That style is more or less neutral.

SMITH: It must be a terrible strain to work up an opinion.

CHILIAN: If I can't be pro-something, I can be anti-something. I know many people who get on very well in society by being anti-Prussian or anti-British.

SMITH: But the Swiss are neutral, aren't they?

TALL SWISS (*indignantly*): Not at all. They're all pro-Ally.

SMALL SWISS: Don't you believe him. He comes from Lausanne. The Vaudois are more French than the French.

TALL SWISS: And the people of Basle more German than the Kaiser himself.

SMALL SWISS: Oh, no. I can't afford to be merely pro-German. I'm in the importation business. We need foodstuff from Italy.

SMITH: Then you're also a neutral?

SMALL SWISS: Oh, no. I'm too busy. It all depends with whom I'm doing business. Besides, as our friend over there says, it is not respectable to be neutral. Even if I had the leisure I would not go in for neutrality.

SMITH (*doggedly*): Well, anyhow, I'm perfectly neutral.

TURK: You mean that you're perfectly indifferent?

TALL SWISS: Think of the Belgian atrocities.

TURK: Remember the crimes of England.

CHILIAN: Think of the chick ladies of Paris.

SMITH: It makes no difference. I'm perfectly neutral.

CHILIAN: You'll have an awfully dull time.

TURK: No one will believe you.

SMITH (*pathetically*): What can I do?

CHILIAN: You must work up an opinion.

SMITH: But I can't.

TALL SWISS: Then Switzerland is not the place for you.

SMITH (*hopelessly*): Where can I go?

CHILIAN: I don't know. (*To the Turk.*) Where can he go?

TURK (*shrugs his shoulders*): I don't know. I didn't think the species existed.

SMALL SWISS: I have an idea.

SMITH (*eagerly*): Oh, please tell me.

SMALL SWISS: Have you read Wilson's twenty-eighth message?

SMITH: Yes; I think it is beautiful. It is the only sensible thing I've read since the war broke out.

SMALL SWISS: I thought you would like it. Personally, I don't understand it. Why don't you go to America?

The curtain rises. Two Oriental jugglers appear on the stage. Loud applause from the audience.

IV.

The custom house of Domodossala, at two o'clock on the morning of December 28, 1916. The scene is one of intense confusion. Women with the light of panic in their eyes rush wildly around in search of their baggage; a custom house officer trips over the hencoop of a thin, wrinkled, yellow-faced, octogenary peasant woman, who shrieks her opinion of him in some outlandish dialect; overladen porters struggle through the mob; a three-months-old infant and a one-year-old pig go in for a loud squealing competition. At one end of the room one perceives the pathetic figure of Smith. A thin custom officer is conscientiously examining the effects of Smith's valise, while a fat, florid officer, whom the thin officer addresses as "Colonello," is plying Smith with questions.

COLONEL: Why do you wish to go to America?

SMITH: Because I'm a neutral.

COLONEL (*who has already heard Smith's yarn about the balloon*): Oh, yes; I remember.

THIN OFFICIAL (*producing two pencils from Smith's valise*): Look at these, Colonello. I think they are German.

COLONEL (*takes the pencils from thin official and examines them closely. Proceeds to spell the mark of the firm*): F-A-B-E-R. That's German. Keep it up, Beppo, my son; you're improving. (*To Smith*): You can't bring these pencils into Italy. (*He puts them into his pocket.*)

BEPPO (*sourly*): You might give me one of them.

COLONEL (*to Smith—he ignores Beppo's remark*): If you are a neutral, why don't you stay in Switzerland?

SMITH (*sadly*): Switzerland is not neutral at all.

COLONEL (*approvingly*): You're right there, my son. At bottom the Swiss are German.

SMITH (*tentatively*): There are some—

COLONEL (*with a sweeping gesture*): They're German, all of them, otherwise they would give us Lugano. I've told the government. But you know how they are in Rome. They won't listen to anyone.

BEPPO (*producing from Smith's valise a box of cigars*): Forty-six cigars!

COLONEL (*takes cigars from Smith and proceeds to light one*): With your permission. (*Smith beams effusively. An expression of happiness comes over Colonel's face, which he changes with an effort to one of disgust.*) You can either pay duty on these cigars or leave them here. I can't advise you to pay duty on them; they really aren't at all worth it.

SMITH (*pleasantly*): I'll leave them here.

COLONEL (*relishing his cigar*): I may find some poor fellow who will be able to smoke them.

BEPPO: I know a poor fellow—

COLONEL (*silencing Beppo with a scowl. Addresses Smith*): So you want to go to America?

SMITH: Yes.

COLONEL: By way of Genoa?

SMITH: Yes.

COLONEL: Why don't you go by way of Holland; it's quicker.

SMITH: They wouldn't let me into Germany.

COLONEL (*under his breath, as he fills his pockets with cigars*): I'm glad they didn't. Imagine wasting these cigars on the Prussians. (*Loud*): Why did they not let you into Germany?

SMITH: They took me for a spy.

COLONEL (*superiorly*): The fools! I always said the Germans were fools. I may have suspected you myself (*he winks to Beppo, who returns the wink*), but your story about the balloon quite reassured me.

SMITH (*confidentially*): It was that very story that put them against me. As soon as the Prussian officer (*at the word "Prussian" the Colonel spits on the ground*) had heard my story he told me to strip myself. Then a man rubbed my back with a lemon. I think they held it against me that they found nothing written there.

COLONEL (*affectionately*): Poor fellow. Well, admit that we've treated you better.

SMITH (*beaming with pleasure*): The Prussian told me that he knew all about me; that I was a well-known Italian spy who had tried to enter Germany three times already in the disguise of a woman.

COLONEL (*laughing heartily*): The fools. You an Italian spy. The fools.

BEPPO: You can pack your valise.

COLONEL (*stroking Smith paternally*): Now, my son, though your papers are not exactly in order, we've decided to pass you. But you must not remain in Italy. You'll go straight to Genoa and take the first boat for New York. And if you take my advice, don't tell that story of yours to anyone. Don't say you're a neutral. There are some things a man had better keep to himself. (*Smith listens attentively.*) And I wouldn't mention the matter on the boat. Talk about the weather and make love to the women, but keep off poli-

tics and balloons. And as soon as you get to New York go to a good doctor and tell him your story.

BEPPO: Have you any more baggage?

SMITH (*pointing to a trunk*): Yes, this trunk.

BEPPO: Open it.

Smith searches in his pocket for his keys. He is unable to find them. His confidence leaves him and he grows very nervous and red in the face.

COLONEL (*to Beppo*): Don't worry the man. (*To Smith*): I give your baggage my benediction. (*He puts a white cross on Smith's trunk.*) Good-bye, figlio mio; good luck to you. Don't forget my advice.

Smith shakes hands effusively with Beppo and Colonel, picks up his valise and goes away.

BEPPO (*surlily*): He never gave me a tip. Any other man—

COLONEL (*significantly*): He's not a man; he's a neutral. (*Sympathetically*): Poor fellow! (*To Beppo*): Have a cigar.

V.

A May afternoon, 1917, in the living-room of a New York apartment.

A young girl sits curled up on a divan, munching chocolates and filing and polishing her nails. She has large blue eyes, a small, slightly turned up nose, full red lips, and a large quantity of light brown hair. In short, she is an unusually pretty girl of twenty, quite conscious of her good looks. The door opens to let in the young lady's brother. He is about the same age as his sister and looks like her, though at the same time a little more grave and important.

BROTHER: A letter for you, Jenny.

JENNY (*her face brightening*): Let's see it, Jack. It must be from Billy. (*She takes the letter from Jack, glances*

rapidly at the address, then with a disappointed air throws it down on the divan.) It's only from Smith.

JACK: Which Smith is that? The tennis player?

JENNY: No. (*Making a comic grimace.*) Pepito Fritz Smith—the neutral—you know.

JACK: Oh, yes; I remember. I thought he had given you up long ago.

JENNY (*frowning with annoyance*): He writes every day. I've stacks of his letters. I don't know what to do with them.

JACK: But why—

JENNY: You see, I told him not to come here till he had formed some sort of opinion. One can't have a neutral hanging about the house. It looks queer, you know. People might take him for one of those wild Pacifist fellows. They jump at conclusions so quickly. They don't know the difference between a Pacifist and a neutral.

JACK: What is the difference?

JENNY (*puzzled*): I don't know—but there is one. The Pacifists are more noisy; they're like the anarchists.

JACK: But these letters. What are they about?

JENNY: They're all the same. Although he loves me he can't form an opinion.

JACK (*taking letter off the divan and examining it closely*): Jenny, this handwriting looks to me resolute.

JENNY (*not at all interested*): Does it?

JACK: I'm willing to bet that Pepito Fritz, whatever you call him, has come to the point. I shouldn't be surprised to learn that he had become an ardent pro-Jap.

JENNY: You don't know him, Jack.

JACK (*still examining handwriting importantly*): I'll bet you a pound of chocolates against a hundred cigarettes that Smith has made up his mind.

JENNY (*her eyes sparkling at the mention of chocolates*): All right; I'm willing.

JACK: Now, let's hear that letter.

JENNY (*wearily*): You read it. I've read too many already.

(*Jack breaks open envelope.*)

JACK (*reading slowly, deliberately*): Dear Miss Tanner: When you receive this letter I will be no longer in this miserable world. (*Jack stops abruptly. He looks very grave*).

JENNY (*yawning*): Go on!

JACK (*reading*): This world is no place for a neutral. Forgive me for having come into your life. Good-bye. Pepito Fritz Smith.

JENNY (*clapping her hands*): Well, I've won the chocolates.

JACK (*solemnly*): Jenny, I think this is very serious.

JENNY (*puzzled*): What do you mean?

JACK: I think Smith has committed suicide.

JENNY (*laughing merrily*): Don't be silly. I've received twenty letters just like that.

JACK: Did he always threaten to kill himself?

JENNY (*bored*): About the same thing. He hinted, you know. It's the foreign method of flirting.

JACK (*very gravely*): I don't like it.

JENNY: Jack, you're trying to get out of giving me those chocolates.

JACK (*protesting*): No! No!

The telephone bell rings. Jenny picks up the receiver.

JENNY: Hello! Yes; this is Miss Tanner. Oh, is that you, Billy!

VI.

The antechamber of the infernal regions. A long, narrow passage lit by flaming red torches. At first sight the hall appears empty except for a languid, elegantly dressed devil reclining on a sofa. On closer examination one perceives that what one took for mere air is a compact mass of spirits.

DEVIL (*to himself—petulantly*): What a bore all these ghosts are! This place is becoming too popular. We'll have to raise the qualifications. Well, I suppose I must get it over.

(*He signals to the nearest shade, who approaches him eagerly.*) What's your name?

SMITH'S SHADE: Smith.

DEVIL (*irritably*): I mean your full name. We have ten thousand and seventy-seven Smiths here already and there are more on the waiting list.

SMITH'S SHADE: Pepito Fritz Smith.

DEVIL (*whistles and looks at Smith's shade curiously*): Oh, you're the fellow who was born in a balloon, who never knew his father, and whose mother was a travelling gypsy?

SMITH'S SHADE (*doubtful whether to be flattered or alarmed*): Yes.

DEVIL: And on what sin do you base your claim to be one of us?

SMITH'S SHADE: I committed suicide.

DEVIL (*dubiously*): I doubt whether that would be sufficient in your case. If I'm not mistaken, you were a neutral? (*Smith's shade nods.*) I'm afraid that makes it impossible. We have one or two saints who went to the dogs at the ends of their lives; but we could not take in a neutral.

SMITH'S SHADE (*appealingly*): Oh, please let me in.

DEVIL: I'm awfully sorry. Personally, I wouldn't mind. We have no neutrals, and I rather like freaks. But public opinion won't stand for it. You see, we're full of Germans.

A VOICE FROM WITHIN: Oh, come along, old chap; don't make the place out worse than it is.

DEVIL (*frowning*): These English are very disagreeable. Always quarrelling with the Germans. People used to get on much better together before the war. There was a kind of fraternity between the sinners. This war has been the ruination of Hell. It's not what it used to be. Well, I'm sorry; but I can't let you in.

SMITH'S SHADE (*fluttering desperately*): What can I do?

DEVIL (*absently*): You might try Heaven.

SMITH'S SHADE (with pathos): I've been there already.

(*The Devil shrugs his shoulders and beckons to another spirit.*)

VII.

An April afternoon, 2164 A. D., in the laboratory of Professor MacMoodle, 416 West 555th St., New York City.

The Professor is a short man of some sixty years of age, with a ragged grey beard and mild, trustful, blue eyes. His expression whenever he smiles is charmingly simple and candid. There is a knock at the door.

MacMoodle: Come in.

The door opens and Professor FitzFoodle enters the room. Though they have not a feature in common, the superficial resemblance between the two professors is striking. FitzFoodle carries a small, square parcel under his arm, which he lays on the table with an air of great mystery.

FitzFoodle (*chuckling*): I've a surprise for you, Mac.

MacMoodle (*rubbing his hands*): A surprise!

FitzFoodle (*pointing to the parcel*): Guess what it is.

MacMoodle: I can't.

FitzFoodle unties the parcel and produces a skull. He passes it over to MacMoodle, who handles it reverently.

FitzFoodle: See what you can make of it.

MacMoodle proceeds to measure breadth and length of the skull, then he weighs it, taps it with a little mallet and listens to the sound.

MacMoodle: This is the skull of a very intelligent man, probably a dramatist, possibly a sculptor.

FitzFoodle shakes his head, relishing his confrère's discomfiture. MacMoodle proceeds to re-examine the skull, measuring, weighing and tapping it as before.

MacMoodle: How silly of me! This is the skull of an imbecile, perhaps of a criminal? (*FitzFoodle shakes his head*). Then what is it?

FitzFoodle (*impressively*): It's the skull of a neutral who killed himself in the year 1917. It's the skull of the only neutral of that stormy period.

MACMOODLE (*looking at FitzFoodle with admiration*): What a find, Fitz! What a find!

FITZFOODLE (*nodding his head solemnly*): This will revolutionize science.

MacMoodle nods his head. The moment is too deep for words.

REQUIEM

By DEMETRIUS

DIG no dark grave for me
When I die;
Sprinkle light dust on me
Where I lie.

I felt all nature sob
In my breast;
I wish to feel her throb
Where I rest.

I heard the lovers dear
Fondly weep;
Grant that one silver tear
Pierce my sleep.

I loved the wild sweet day
And its light,—
Let one glad, slender ray
Break my night.

WOMEN GAMBLERS IN WALL STREET

By ONE OF THEM

MILLIONS have been lost by women in the stock market during the last year. I have lost several thousand dollars myself. Playing the "war babies," enriching or impoverishing themselves, as prices shot up or down, women have found a game much more fascinating than auction bridge. The rules are quite simple. One hears of friends taking money out of Wall Street. One hears the name of the stock—through a friend, an advertisement, or a circular. One learns from friends that one can put up five or ten dollars of the cost of that stock. Then one "owns" the stock. And when the market goes up ten, twenty points, one collects ten or twenty dollars on every five invested. Only one doesn't always collect.

For there are crooked firms in Wall Street who go after the money of women. The woman speculator is a mark for the "get-rich-quick" type of speculative gambler. Bogus securities are most easily foisted upon women. That is a fundamental rule of dishonest promoters. The woman with limited means, or a woman who has just inherited money—those are the marks for unloading worthless stocks. And the bucket shops have reaped a harvest.

Women play more feverishly than men. They are not as calm and calculating. And, they are superstitious, these women who play Wall Street. Judgment is thrown to the winds. They will buy stock on "hunches." I know of brokers who have received telephone orders from women ordering them to buy certain stocks—worthless stocks. The brokers have pleaded with the women not to buy them—to no avail. Some one, or some one's wife has given them a "tip."

Wall Street, legitimate Wall Street, deplores the woman's speculative game, because it reflects upon the real business of Wall Street. There is a movement under way to awaken women to the foolishness of pouring money into bad channels, money that should be invested in good channels. The movement is entirely selfish, but still it is good. Wall Street wants these women stock gamblers to invest in sound securities instead of throwing their money away. Wall Street is going to make it possible for a woman to buy good securities. For example, public utility properties, lighting, power, oil—that is, real investments. No matter how bad business is, no matter whether the country is prosperous or not, people must have light and power. A company dealing in public necessities will always make money—provided it is run right. The earnings are staple. As a property and population of a community grows, so inevitably grows the business of a public utility company. If the flood of millions, lost by women stock gambling, were turned into such investments, the women and the country would both be much better off.

Of course all women do not go into stock gambling because they like it. Some go into the speculative market under the pressure of need. They see that savings banks do not pay much interest. Nor do building and loan associations. They become dissatisfied. They want a bigger return upon their money.

Reliable investment houses are gunning now for these dissatisfied people. They are not going to let the stock jugglers steal their money if they can help it. They want this money themselves. They are able to pay good interest on it, and at the same time give it the guarantee of a sound business investment. They are going to appeal to the woman with very limited funds—as well as the wealthier women.

One reliable house, Henry L. Doherty & Co., has decided to offer sound securities on the installment plan. They will offer a hundred dollar security for twenty dollars cash or ten dollars a month. These securities will pay from five to six per cent interest. While the person is paying off the

installment they will be credited with the interest on a basis of one hundred dollars. While the woman is paying her installments she will own the security; but she will not be allowed to put it up as collateral until it is all paid for. That provision is aimed at women posting the bonds so procured as collateral for stock gambling. It is hoped that by such means as this, legitimate investments will be made attractive to women and that the money which the stock gamblers are getting will go into sound properties that have their roots in the very life of this country.

Wall Street is in despair over woman's stock gambling. All the better class of brokers have done their utmost to keep woman from trading on margin—from gambling. If a woman wants to go into the market, they beg her to buy outright, not to gamble five and ten dollars a share on large numbers of shares. But there are houses which have deliberately gone after the women. There are stories in "the street" of women's rooms, cosy, soft-cushioned lay-outs, where cigarettes and drinks are to be had. These are places where women with more money than brains can loll back, watch the quotation board and write out their buying and selling orders on cute little leather pads. In these rooms the women some days win, on other days lose, but they always come back—come back until they've lost everything.

During the last year, with the "war baby" stocks fluctuating madly, women also played the market in uptown hotels. A society women has said, "There are three kinds of men: one's dancing partner, one's dancing secretary, and the dancing man." She explained this by saying that the dancing secretary was the professional, one engaged to take one dancing in the cafes. That the dancing man was the person one invited to dinner because he could dance, and that the dancing partner was one's sweetheart. To this we may add now the "Wall Street secretary."

It is not an infrequent sight to find in the lounge or tea rooms of uptown hotels, older women with young attendants. The young men may be seen getting up from time to time, darting into the little branch office that a Wall Street broker

keeps in a hotel, consulting the board, and reporting back to the women in the lounge room. Such a person is "one's Wall Street secretary." The amount of intelligence required is the ability to read numbers posted opposite the names of certain stocks, that and of course to be extremely polite.

A broker told me he knew of a woman whose husband has always bought bonds for an investment. The husband died and the broker went to see the widow. He recommended a new issue of bonds that his house was putting out.

"Yes," she said, "I realize that the bonds are a good investment, that they are safe and all that. But I am not interested. I'm going to put my money into stocks." It developed that a friend of her husband's had made considerable money speculating in grain. She told the broker that this friend had convinced her that she was foolish to tie up her money in bonds, when so many fortunes were being made in stock and produce speculations.

So she instructed her broker to sell out all the bonds that her husband had left her. She wanted the money for stock gambling. The broker saw her again three months later. She had gambled away nearly all her money in the stock market.

The credulity of women in regard to financial affairs is amazing. There was a woman who met a young newspaper man at dinner. The newspaper man knew it all. He made the most sweeping statements on the most important subjects with the finality of doom. The woman was impressed, especially so, when she heard him remark to her brother, "We've got the latest dope down in our office. Our correspondent in London tipped us off that there's going to be peace in a month. Maybe the bottom won't go out of the stock market—Whew!"

The woman remembered hearing her friends talk about making money in the stock market. The idea appealed to her. She manœuvred to get the newspaper man alone. She asked him questions.

"Yes, peace is coming in a month," he stated positively. "Everybody in the office knows it. Our correspondent in

London tipped us off. Certainly, the bottom will go out of the stock market. What stocks would I advise you to sell? Oh, any of the war stocks." And he tried to think of some of their names—"Bethlehem Steel—sell it short."

Now, of course, the woman couldn't know whether the newspaper man had been romancing when he talked of his office having received a tip from London. Nor could she know that not one in a hundred correspondents in foreign capitals would be in a position to say that peace was coming in a month. She told her brother she was going to sell Bethlehem Steel. Her brother, a man with cautious business judgment, an intelligent business man of the type who declines to put his money into anything that he does not know all about, advised her against it. To keep him quiet she told him she wouldn't invest. She told herself, "I'll show Tom that it isn't only men who can make money." So she put up five thousand dollars on selling Bethlehem Steel short on a ten point margin. She was wiped out in a week.

There was another woman who bought Midvale Steel, because a friend of a friend of somebody in the company told her that they were expecting a big shrapnel order from the Russian government. She put up two thousand dollars on a ten point margin. She bought the stock at 55¼. She was told it would go up to 70. She put in a selling order at that price. The stock went up to 59⅝. Her broker telephoned her and advised her to sell. But will the average woman play safe and take a profit? No, she'll wait for the big clean up—wait until Midvale gets to 70.

The next day the British government canceled some millions of dollars worth of munition contracts in the United States. War stocks slumped a few points. The woman's broker knew that this cancelation of the British government meant that the Allies were through placing big munition orders in America. But this woman knew that the Midvale Company was going to get a big order from Russia. Hadn't a friend of hers, a friend of somebody in the company, told her? What more proof could you want? When in your heart you wanted to believe. Her brokers advised her to

close out the transaction; she could do so, even. No, she was going to wait. She waited. The President sent his peace note. The bottom fell out of Wall Street. She was wiped out.

So the story of women stock gamblers goes, credulity, the natural desire for gambling, no idea of safety, not content to take a profit, big stakes, feverishness. The stories the brokers tell would be amusing if they were not so tragic. It has actually happened that women have read the names of stocks in novels, "gotten a hunch" and telephoned their brokers to buy the stock that chance had brought into the pages of the novel. No investigation, no knowledge of market conditions, no idea of what is going on in the inside, just the "hunch." And these "hunches" they back with their money. If they're lucky they win; if they're not, they lose. The more money they win at first, the more they lose afterwards. It is the law of the game.

Bond salesmen will tell you incident after incident of women holding worthless securities. The salesmen visit these women to sell bonds. The women will fish out some stocks and ask the salesmen to apply them against the price of the bonds. The bond house will make an investigation, and nine out of ten all stocks so turned in are found to be absolutely without value.

Legitimate houses of Wall Street have declared war on women throwing their money away. It is a problem of education—of making the women realize that they haven't a chance in a game that is stacked against them. It is the fight of the bond houses against the stock speculating houses. Selling corps, to be used in a grand offensive against women who gamble in stocks are being organized by the bond houses. All sorts of attractive bond propositions, entirely sound, are being put up to these women. The innovation is, of course, the buying of good securities on the installment plan. It is estimated that if one-third of the amount of money lost by women in Wall Street during the last year had been invested in sound securities that all these women would to-day be in a strong financial position.

The better class of investment houses are taking the position of professional men. As Carl Naumburg, of H. L. Doherty & Co., told me, "This tremendous irresponsible stock gambling of the last year by women has put it up to the better houses to take a judiciary position on questions of investment. We must assume this role as seriously as a lawyer or a physician assumes his. The public has confidence in the contract a lawyer draws up, in the prescriptions a physician gives. We must make the investor realize that he or she must put confidence in banking houses. Our business has become a profession. The men in it are trained to it. The investor is not. The investor must have confidence and must take the advice of his banking house just the same as he takes the advice of his physician. Once we get that confidence; once we establish our position as professional, then you won't find any more millions of dollars being thrown into the stock market by women who are in a position to know nothing of security values.

"We are after the confidence of these women. We are going to meet them more than half way. We plan to let them put up one-fifth of the value of a security and then we shall give them the security. They may pay the rest month by month. This will give us an entirely new field; this will save millions of dollars for women investors. We know good securities from bad. We have expert knowledge. The average woman, or man for that matter, has no such knowledge. We must make the investor realize that we have this expert knowledge and that it is our duty and to our interest to give it to him, not to mislead him. We shall establish this professional idea. When investors accept it, the profits of the get-rich-quick men are going to be eaten into sadly."

There are in this city and throughout the country today women obsessed with great fear and then with great hope. Their nervous systems are being wrecked. They are women with millions of dollars up on margin in Wall Street. They have put their money on stocks, in nearly every case upon the advice of someone who knows no more about stock

gambling than they. They bought a stock, let us say, at 60, putting up ten points margin, ten dollars. To get this money —money for the gambling table—women have sold good bonds. If the stock drops ten points they are sold out unless they put up ten points—ten dollars more. Stocks have dropped ten points. Jewels have been pawned. Women have sold their last securities to provide the call for "more margin." What is going to happen?

How is the market going? The women wonder. Peace, ruthless submarine warfare, a Mexican flare-up, any of these things, smoldering in the world's crucible today, can upon bursting into flame, shoot the stock market this way and that. The fear of all their margins being wiped out, the knowledge of many women that they are at the end of their money, that they've got their all in Wall Street, is a nightmare. Thousands of women are hanging on, waiting for the rise or fall that may never come. "If my stock only rises, I'll get out even. I may even be rich." These are the thoughts that harass the days and nights of every Wall Street woman gambler. The nervous system cannot stand it forever, nor can the pocketbook. Much better for a woman if she wants to throw her money away, to play roulette, with the action over in a few hours, instead of the nervous day-in-day-out watching the ticker, watching the newspaper, watching the quotation board, making of life an incubus of fear, instead of a joy.

It's bad enough for a man. Men's nervous system go to pieces, but to subject the highly-keyed nervous system of the average woman to stock gambling is little short of a crime. And worse than that, the future. When the day which comes to all gamblers, comes to a woman and she is wiped out—what then? And worst of all, women are throwing this money away when with it they could buy good, sound stocks, yielding a good, assured income.

BUSINESS CO-OPERATION—THE NEED OF THE HOUR

By JOHN A. TOPPING

[CHAIRMAN, REPUBLIC IRON & STEEL CO.]

THE President of the United States urged that "We all speak, act and serve together" in response to our country's call. The President's appeal met a quick response from business, as evidenced by the mobilization of our financial, industrial, transportation, telephone and telegraph facilities, but our young men at first made a disappointing response to his urgent call for volunteers for army and navy service.

The lack of patriotic enthusiasm suggested by this experience, I think, is probably due to a lack of understanding by many of our people of the responsibilities of citizenship and of our national ideals. We cannot have unity of purpose, in my opinion, without a thorough conception of individual responsibility, and to awaken this spirit of moral consciousness we must have a broader education of the people. In other words, if Democracy as a governing force is to be effective it can only be made so by qualifying the people through education or by necessity for their civic responsibilities, for in no other way can legislative initiative be taken from the political demagogue. It required the stimulus and necessity of war to break down the traditions heretofore surrounding the volunteer system, and we are to be congratulated on this result, for we have obtained in exchange equal service, or selective draft, which means that the first gun has been fired for the principle of co-operation, and I believe the public mind is now in a receptive mood to more broadly apply this principle, not only through the reconstruction period

after the war for the regulation of commodity prices, but for an indefinite period thereafter, if we inaugurate an earnest educational campaign for general co-operation.

Necessity has originated many of our inventions, but necessity may also become, as in this case, a great educational influence. The necessities of war are decidedly more urgent than the necessities of peace, and therefore, if public sentiment is to be mobilized and educated to a point of demanding co-operation, or other methods, for the protection of business after the war, we must now, like England, prepare for peace while engaged in war; for notwithstanding the great responsibilities of war the problems of peace are also urgent, and it must not be overlooked that war has brought about revolutionary economic changes and a world-wide readjustment of values must necessarily follow war inflation, although I do not expect to see the purchasing power of the 1914 dollar restored for some time to come, if ever.

The new conditions and new influences now confronting us should be carefully studied, and business men must help solve future problems in a practical way, and must not, as heretofore, depend so largely upon academic thought for the solution of practical questions. To impress this view on the public mind, or to accomplish anything in an educational way, business men must take a more active part in politics and in this manner curb the influence of the political demagogue, who, heretofore, has initiated most of the reactionary legislation from which business has suffered.

Co-operation, in my opinion, is the key to the solution of most of our national and business problems, and in recognition of this view co-operation as a principle has been adopted by the leading nations of the world. Only recently Mr. A. Bonar Law announced, in the House of Commons, that preferential tariffs as a policy had been agreed to by Great Britain and her colonies, and that hereafter closer reciprocal treaties and co-operative methods would be worked out between them and their allies. England, notwithstanding the burdens of war, through co-operative methods, has so co-ordinated her working forces that she has substantially main-

tained her maximum overseas trade, notwithstanding the war, and has also so effectually mobilized public sentiment favorable to the protection of general business that it is freely predicted she will abandon in the near future her traditional policy of free trade. England has also closely followed Germany in their policy of encouraging capital combinations for trade, even to the extent of assisting such combinations by government loans, where necessary, thus recognizing that it requires big business to develop national resources or to successfully promote and maintain industry. The dyestuff trade is a notable case of this character. While co-operation as practiced by the various governments now engaged in war, as claimed by some writers, may be a "real working of state Socialism," I maintain it is, at least, enlightened Socialism, for through the application of German and English business methods waste is minimized, efficiency and thrift stimulated and productivity increased. Germany not only proposes to continue her past co-operative methods, but also proposes to extend her syndicate operations in the future beyond a mere control of sales, her war experience showing that purchases can also be syndicated to advantage, and, furthermore, that capital investment, when regulated, will avoid unnecessary duplication of plants and thus prevent wasteful competition. I am convinced that we also must adopt co-operation as practiced abroad, as a national system; also enter into reciprocal tariffs, and, furthermore, we must co-operate wherever possible, not only at home, but also with all foreign countries who are reciprocally inclined for the promotion of trade or for the protection of our other interests.

No doubt the objection will be raised that the European brand of co-operation is socialistic, but this objection, in my opinion, is sentimental rather than practical, particularly if, by the application of co-operation, we can advance the general welfare of our country. Furthermore, is not evolution by experience preferable to revolution by force, and does not the co-operative experience of the world justify setting aside former convictions born of other conditions?

The mobilization of public sentiment by educational

processes, however, takes time, and we should not delay our efforts to " Wake Up America " to the problems of peace and to emphasize the necessity for co-operation. To make this accomplishment practical and possible, constructive legislation of somewhat the following character seems necessary:

First.—Amendments to the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, to legalize price co-operation, subject possibly to government regulation, to become effective after the war, so as to prevent disorderly liquidation of commodity values during the reconstruction period, to stabilize values thereafter, and for the protection of the general public.

Second.—Revision upwards of the tariff, where necessary, against unfair foreign competition, preferential tariff rates, however, to obtain wherever reciprocal trade agreements can be made to our advantage.

Third.—A thorough overhauling of our marine laws and the enactment of such amendments as will justify and encourage capital to permanently become interested in the operation of overseas shipping. If proper protection cannot be given capital to justify it engaging in overseas shipping and to successfully compete with foreign ships without subsidy, then, in that event, we should subsidize American shipping.

The method I would suggest for promoting the necessary preliminary campaign of education, for the mobilization of public sentiment favorable to this legislative program, would be co-operative publicity, which power is now generally recognized, and recently was employed by the Academy of Political Science, in calling a national conference of our leading citizens to publicly discuss and publish ways and means for improving our foreign relations, the object being, not only to promote our diplomatic relations, but to extend our foreign commerce. Unfortunately, there are not many business men who are willing to devote their time to public affairs. But does not urgent necessity call for patriotic service in this direction?

I am thoroughly convinced that no executive or business men, particularly those who are directing the affairs of

public corporations, will hereafter fully measure up to their executive or public responsibilities, who do not give these questions their most careful thought and who are not also willing to devote at least part of their time to public service. Mr. Edward N. Hurley stated not long since that what business needed was constructive statesmanship. As to the truth of this, there may be great difference of opinion, but that the country's affairs have suffered from lack of constructive statesmanship there can be no difference of opinion and business organizations should drive home this thought to the public mind in the most emphatic manner.

In a recent discussion of this subject I had with a prominent Senator he admitted that one of the great difficulties confronting the nation is that real politics and real business are not well acquainted, that neither fully understands the principles or the motive power that is driving the other side. Relative to this subject, the editor of one of the prominent magazines also said to me that education must be made to include a more serious study of the relations of law making and business; that business men should co-operate with newspapers in giving publicity to matters of public interest, and thus help educate the politician to business needs. Another editor, of a leading trade paper, stated that there should be co-operation among trade journals, on editorial policy, in support of general business propaganda. Even Washington, as has been recently remarked, now recognizes the value of co-operation, and of a " Gary dinner," when it is desirable to mark prices down. There is no doubt, I think, but that the educational influences of co-operation for war, considered in connection with the Government approval of the principle of co-operation for the promotion of export trade, will finally result in the approval of this principle for the regulation of general business operations. At least, we have made a start in this direction, for now as one of the Allies, we are fully committed to co-operation for war, and will we not be automatically committed to the general scheme of co-operation, after the war, as a necessary condition to terms of peace?

I therefore urge all to " speak, act and serve together "

in the work of mobilizing public sentiment for co-operation, for the prevention of waste, for the conservation of our natural resources, for the encouragement of thrift, and for the general promotion of the public welfare.

Furthermore, we should impress upon our representatives in both the House and Senate that their co-operation in this general work will hereafter be considered by their constituency as part of their official obligation. As a preliminary step toward educating the employe of foreign birth in the fundamentals of citizenship we should also give more active support to the Americanization movement by co-operating with the Y. M. C. A.'s and local boards of education. As evidence of the practical character of this co-operative work the Youngstown (Ohio) Americanization Committee reports that 133 foreigners, representing sixteen different nationalities, were graduated during one month to full citizenship after passing all the educational tests required.

As both "big and little business" are loyally supporting the Government in times of war, "big and little business" should demand loyal support by the Government in times of peace; for only by co-operation can we completely co-ordinate our working forces for the protection and advancement of the nation during either war or peace. The Hon. Chas. E. Hughes summed up our national situation in these words: "We have got the basis for success; what we now need is the motive power of unswerving loyalty and a real consciousness of national unity which will fill us with a dominant sense of patriotic loyalty to the United States."

WAR FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

By A WALL STREET OBSERVER

HOW much for the present generation, and how much for posterity?

This is an important question in the minds of those who are charged with the responsibility of financing the "great war"; and upon an equitable adjustment of financial burdens will depend the ratio of loans with distant maturities, to assessments upon present wealth and production. Some of the money which is now being raised is loaned to our Allies in Europe and will be repaid. This can be most logically raised by bond issues. Some of the bond issues will mature within a few years, and hence will not prove burdensome to a new generation. Some of them will of necessity run for longer periods, and there is ample justification for the assumption of part of the financial burden by our children's children.

But it is important that present-day business and industry carry as heavy a portion of the expense account as it can; provided of course that no one industry is burdened beyond its power to endure. This is the problem of the tax adjuster, and it is in accordance with this principle that Congress enacted the emergency tax law, which became effective in December. As its name suggests, the new schedule is largely of an experimental nature, and doubtless will offer many possibilities for improvement.

VARIOUS SOURCES OF WAR REVENUE

According to a statement by Hon. Daniel C. Roper, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, the new tax schedule will provide the machinery for the in-gathering of nearly three billion dollars in excess of the seven hundred and fifty mil-

lions formerly brought into the Government Treasury by existing revenue taxes. This will make a total of $3,500,000,000, which is eighteen per cent of the $20,000,000,000 estimated as the amount necessary for the conduct of the war during the first year, and nearly thirty per cent of the $12,000,000,000 which will constitute the actual expense of our own military operations, the balance being loaned to our Allies.

Next in order of magnitude is the income tax. This differs only in degree from the income tax schedule which was put into effect by the Wilson administration after the outbreak of the European war. Exemptions have been lowered from $3,000 in the case of single men and $4,000 in that of married men, to $1,000 and $2,000 respectively. Surtaxes have been very heavily increased, and the man who has an annual income of over half a million dollars finds that Uncle Same relieves him of the responsibility of spending a large portion of it.

The corporation tax will bring in half a billion dollars. This includes the regular corporation tax plus the excess profit tax of corporations, the latter of which is apportioned on a graduating scale over and above a net return of 8 per cent on actual capital invested, after due allowance for depreciation and normal expansion.

The tax on alcoholic beverages is a source of great joy to the temperance enthusiast, because of the fact that its effect will be seen in the wholesale closing of the corner saloon rather than in the reaping of a big harvest for the Government's war chest. The saloon man will doubtless feel called upon to pass the burden to the consumer, in part at least, and thereby bring in a sum estimated at slightly in excess of $200,000,000.

The commodity tax, listed at $75,000,000, is in reality an excise tax on articles of luxury, such as automobiles, motorcycles, musical instruments, motion-picture films, jewelry, sporting goods, pleasure boats, etc.

The public utility service tax will be levied on facilities furnished by insurance and public utility companies, such as

railroad freight and passenger traffic, telephone and telegraph service, and pipe-line transportation.

Government experts appreciate the fact that business must be kept prosperous in order to pay taxes, and that the worst form of tax is that which taxes business out of existence.

RAILROAD PROBLEMS

We are now in the midst of the problems introduced by the entrance of this country into the war, and the consequent inordinate demand for tonnage incident to the shipment of troops and supplies. There is an almost intolerable congestion of traffic, especially in Eastern territory, and apparently there is no adequate way of relieving these conditions, which are complicated by the increasing volume of the preference shipments of various departments of the Federal Governments. As might have been expected, the traffic has been accumulating so rapidly that as time goes on the overburdened roads are falling farther and farther behind.

It is obvious that as now constituted the trunk lines and their branches and subsidiaries are wholly unequal to the task that confronts them in this emergency. There is but one apparent solution of the problem, and that is the operation of the roads by the Government. This solution has been suggested by many who may be supposed to speak with authority when discussing railroad questions.

In this important matter, it seems logical that we can apply some of the methods used with such good success by Great Britain in the early days of the war. The Government, immediately after the declaration of war, took over all the railroads of England, guaranteed to stockholders the maintenance of the previous year's dividends. No changes were made in the local managements of the various companies, but one Government expert was given supreme control over the operation, and movement of all lines.

Plain warning was given to the general public that the ordinary travelling facilities prevailing in peace times were not guaranteed; such facilities as dining cars and sleeping

cars, frequent expresses and minimum fares were soon taken from the schedules and an increase of 50 per cent in all fares declared operative. One of the most interesting stories of the whole war is the signal efficiency of English railroads under Government control.

INVESTMENTS AND DIVIDENDS

History shows that the most advantageous time to buy the bonds of any Government is when that Government is at war. Such bonds always rise in value when normal and stable conditions have been restored. British consols, for example, which, before Napoleonic wars (1793-1815), sold at 97, declined to 47 during the war and rallied to 84 a few years after the close. During the same relative period French 5 per cents started at 71, declined to 7, and rallied to 95.

United States 6 per cent bonds prior to the Civil War (1861-65) passed current at par; during the war they declined to 83, and a few years after the close of the war were in big demand at 121.

During the Franco-Prussian war (1870-71) French 3 per cents sold at 75; during the progress of the (short) war they declined to 50, rising in one year after peace was declared to 80, and in a few years to 87. British consols were similarly affected during the Boer war, and Russian Government bonds during the Russo-Japanese war.

From these comparisons it will be seen that the average rise in the market valuation of Government securities during the adjustment from a war to a peace basis has been 38 points. Should the fluctuation in British and American Government issues be but one-third of that amount (which many authorities now venture to predict), it is easily apparent that the possibilities for profit in such a sterling security as a Government bond will be greater and better than many or most of the speculative ventures that depend for their present rating solely upon the continuance of the war. Investors who throw away the opportunity to have

their surplus funds locked up in the safest security which the world offers, and who appreciate the fact that such funds are in addition helping in the prosecution of the war in defense of liberty, should repent in haste and reconsider. There is yet time!

DIVIDEND READJUSTMENTS

The stock markets of the past month have taken their cue almost, if not altogether, from the apparent rise and fall of our fortunes on European battlefields. It has been the popular conception that the liquidation of securities which has been in process of operation for about six or seven weeks has been responsible for the heaviest decline in security prices that we have seen in many a day. Very true, but what caused the liquidation? Nothing more than the reverse of fortune as evidenced by the smashing of the Italian lines by the Hun invader, the collapse of law and order in Russia, and the realization that America must assume an additional burden commensurate with the seriousness of the collapse of either or both of these warring powers. Men of conservative judgment say that not for years have the high-grade dividend stocks been selling on such a favorable basis to investors as they are today.

Simultaneously with the advance in prices of all commodities and the decline in dividend-paying securities there has come the realization of an adjustment in the rate of income yield of various classes of securities. The three most important tests for income-producing stocks are: Rate of dividend, stability of price and marketability. Granting the certainty of the last two factors, securities will be chosen for permanent investment, according to their rating, as good and steady income producers.

Prior to the war the general income rating of investment stocks and bonds in this country was somewhat in accordance with the following scale:

U. S. Government Bonds	2	to 3	%
Municipal Bonds	3½	to 4½	%
Railroad Bonds	5	to 6	%
Railroad Stocks	6½	to 8	%
Industrials	6	to 10	%

As a general rule, British securities have followed a rating almost identical with that of American issues, and we have only to consider the recent decline in our Liberty Loan four per cents, as well as that of British Government issues bearing a higher rate, to see the evidence of a demand for a higher yield in securities as a class. With these factors as a guide it is not difficult to understand the present gauge of incoming-producing possibilities demanded by investors, and which, though subject to later revision (upward if the war continues for a year or more) may be classified as follows:

U. S. Government Bonds	3½ to 4½ %
Municipal Bonds	4½ to 5½ %
Railroad Bonds	8 to 10 %
Railroad Stocks	9 to 12 %
Industrials	10 to 20 %

Accepting this computation as a basis for analyzing the securities offered in the present market and of the gauge of desirability of contemplated purchases, investors will measure their "prospects" by the yard-stick of the present rate of production rather than by that of the pre-war performances. Of course, no hard and fast rule can be applied, but if on the average approximately such yields as those outlined are obtainable, upon that fact may be predicted the declaration that security prices have reached their proper investment level, have been stripped of all speculative considerations, and should be acceptable to the investor who is looking for permanence and not speculative material.

FINANCIAL LITERATURE OF THE "WORTH-WHILE" CLASS

Any of the following literature will be sent free upon application:

War Tax of 1917.....National City Co., New York
Thrift Bonds.....National Thrift Bond Corp., New York
U. S. and Foreign Gov't Bonds.....C. F. Childs & Co., New York
War Loans.....Guaranty Trust Co., New York
Stock and Bond Investment Suggestions.....Merrill, Lynch & Co., New York
Farm Mortgages at 7 per cent.....Mississippi Valley Traction Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Sound Short-term Investments.....Peabody, Houghteling & Co., New York
Straus Investment Magazine.....S. W. Straus & Co., New York
Advice to Investors.....Knauth, Nachod & Kuhne, New York
Utility Securities.....H. L. Doherty & Co., New York
Stock Market Comparisons.....T. Frank Howell, New York
Trace Acceptances.....National Bank of Commerce, New York

NEW BOOKS

By C. COURTENAY SAVAGE

Jack London—and Dogs

TO really appreciate the spirit that urged Jack London to write the life story of Michael,[1] brother of the lovable Jerry, whose story furnished the material for an earlier book, it is necessary to read the author's foreword twice and—if one is a dog lover, a purpose is sure to be born—a purpose that may some day be used to advantage by all those who have loved the best four-footed friend that ever lived—the dog.

On the first reading of the author's foreword, just what moved him to write it is not clear. He relates simply the fact that he has seen many horrible sights in his journeyings, and that the greatest cruelty he ever witnessed was when a trained animal act was being exhibited upon the stage. Personally, I wondered. I am very familiar with the world of "back stage," and it seemed to me that Mr. London was being a little too severe. I had seen trained dogs who were sleek and well cared for, apparently living on the fat of the land. I had seen a trick mule being given his daily brushing, and thought him lucky not to be dragging a load of bricks through a country road—but when I finished the book —when Jack London had shown just how those animals were made to learn their lessons—I reread the foreword—and my head got hot; I could see red, and I vowed to myself that, as the author asked, I would walk out the next time there was a trained animal act on the vaudeville bill I attended.

Briefly, the story of Michael is of a dog, whose howling accompaniment of certain musical tunes resembled the tune itself, and is much enjoyed by those who listen. The first half

[1] "Michael, Brother of Jerry," by Jack London. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

of the book tells of Michael's adventures from the day he is stolen by Dag Daughtry, a beer-drinking steward on the *Makambo*, who smuggled the dog aboard the liner, thinking that he would sell him and so have extra money for his beer. Instead he grows to love the dog so thoroughly that when the theft is found out, and the dog is to be returned to its rightful owners, he slipped away from the ship with the dog, and the black servant he owns body and soul, and signed up for a treasure cruise. What follows is the wildest and most exciting type of romance. It would spoil the story to tell of the adventures of the whale and the "Ancient Mariner." Or of the life in the Barbary Coast resorts. But the adventures end—with a typical Jack London ending—and then begins the trained animal existence of Michael.

Poor little Michael, believing in "men gods" and finding the hell of Cedarwild Animal School. The school, its master, and his attendants stand vividly before the reader, and the author undoubtedly gathered his information first handed after many visits to such a school. Jack London had no false premises.

And it isn't fiction. Jack London was a man who tilted at no windmills. One of the greatest out-of-door men the country possessed, he loved all animals—and there are hundreds of thousands less virile in their existence who have made a pet of a dog or a horse.

Read "Michael," all ye who have played with a puppy or a kitten, and after reading the story re-read the foreword. Perhaps if each reader will do as London suggested, a great organization will rise throughout the country—a body of unorganized animal lovers who will act independently and yet by their actions they will wipe out what London calls the "perfect flower of cruelty."

What better memorial to a great man could be suggested—that the animals he loved so well and knew so intimately were saved from pain and bondage by his admirers?

Oh, yes! I'll admit I own a dog—a white English bull terrier answering to the ridiculous name of Rube. There are plenty of times when he's just a plain nuisance, but he

loves me—and there has been no minute since, as a dirty, skinny puppy, I first became acquainted with him, that I would not have cheerfully murdered for him rather than have him go through the tortures of the Animal School.

Fanatic? "Crazy about dogs?" *No.* Just plain human and there are millions like me—thank God!

War, War,—War!

It is only fitting that "All In It," [2] the continuation of Major Ian Hay Beith's "First Hundred Thousand," should head the list of personal narratives of the war. It may be that Major Beith's clever gift of writing fiction makes him able to tell a better story—or it may be that his position as Major gave him more opportunity of knowing and seeing trench life in France and Belgium, but the fact remains that "All In It" is one of the most enlightening and most entertaining of the great group of war books. Of course, no war book is uninteresting, the subject is too vital, but there are superlative degrees of interest, and this book ranks particularly high. As this is being written the flaring headlines of the paper at the other end of the desk tells of how the British tanks are pressing on towards Cambrai, and how the Germans ran in terror at the sight of them. One appreciates their fright after having read this book—even the gallant Major-author was startled.

Equally interesting with Major Beith's book is Hugh Gibson's narrative of his years spent as first secretary of the American Legation in Brussels.[3] Because the subject is the rape of Belgium, it has a sentimental as well as an historical value. The book is Mr. Gibson's diary, starting with his arrival at Brussels in July, 1914, and continued at intervals when the busy writer was able to make notes of the swiftly moving affairs about him. The comment and anecdote contained in the volume, is even more enlightening than the experiences of Mr. Gibson's fellow-diplomat, Mr. Gerard. The

[2] "All In It," by Major Ian Hay Beith. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

[3] "A Journal from Our Legation in Belgium," by Hugh Gibson. Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.50 net.

author was in close touch at many times, with King Albert, and as he took over the German Legation when war was declared, he was equally familiar with Germany's fighting forces. He saw Louvain burned, and was in Brussels when the German hosts poured into the city. Also he spent hours trying to save Edith Cavell. As in practically every other writer's personal experience, Hugh Gibson found that the Germans were masters of deception, and lies were their chief stock in trade. He makes no lengthy comments on his treatment, merely adds in short caustic footnotes what he knew, or afterwards found, to be the facts. The book is well illustrated, many of the photographs and documents seemingly being reproduced for the first time.

Some Fiction

If Phyllis Bottome had walked into the office of a busy American editor and told him the plot of her story he would have probably persuaded her that the idea was far from new, and that it would command little attention from the reading public. Which goes to prove the difference between a good plot and good workmanship. As it stands in its printed form "The Second Fiddle" [13] is a book which never lags. The reader knows how it will turn out, that fact is obvious from the start, but the bright lines, the quiet humor, and the prevailing optimism of Stella make the story a pleasant companion for an evening. In "The Coming" [14] J. S. Snaith (whose "Broke of Covendon" made those who sit in the seats of the critics say that he had the making of a great writer) has, as Miss Bottome, written a book reflecting a phase of the war on English life. "The Coming" occasionally startles one into a state of incredulousness, but it is possible, if not probable. It has for its central characters, a sixty-year-old English vicar, whose word is law among his villagers—Gervase Brandon, the squire of the village, helpless from his wound received at Gallipoli, and John Smith,

[13] "The Second Fiddle," by Phyllis Bottome. The Century Company. $1.35 net.

[14] "The Coming," by J. C. Snaith. D. Appleton & Co. $1.40 net.

around whom the dramatic movements of the story center. The story is truly dramatic, for the vicar, mighty in his understanding, believes that Smith should either be tried for blasphemy, or quietly removed to an insane asylum. Grim, unrelenting, filled only with the purpose he believes to be right, and unmoved by Brandon's stories of what Smith has done for him, the vicar stands by with a thrill of work satisfactorily done and sees the attendants from the asylum capture Smith. The rest of the story, with its miracles—for the change that comes over the vicar's mind is as great a miracle as the other, breathing a promise of eternal brotherhood of mankind, has a spirit of suspense that captivates. On the cover the publishers have called it an amazing book. To a certain class of readers the book will be grippingly amazing —while to others it will mean very little.

There is a more than ordinary sense of relief these days, when one picks up a good novel that will carry the reader away from the by-turns depressing and stimulating news of the day, all of it pregnant with further tragedy. And for such an hour "The Indian Drum," [15] by William MacHarg and Edwin Balmer, can be well recommended. It is a mystery story, opening with an unusual note of suspense, and carrying till the end the questioning mind of the reader. It would be a shame to hint at the story, or even tell the source of the title, but the story is there, and the reader will leave the world for a moment to wander with the folk of this latest tale by the men who wrote the very absorbing "Blind Man's Eyes." "Fanny Herself," [16] by Edna Ferber, is the author's first novel since "Dawn O'Hara." Edna Ferber's story is splendid. Everything Miss Ferber writes is at least interesting, and her novel, coming after her great success as a short story writer, shows the growth of her craftsmanship. The story itself is of a woman in the business world, her ambitions, her eager, ever soaring personality, and finally her love affair.

Ethel M. Dell's short stories contained in "The Safety

[15] "The Indian Drum, by William MacHard and Edwin Balmer. Little-Brown and Co. $1.40 net.

[16] "Fanny Herself," by Edna Ferber. Frederic A. Stokes Co. $1.40 net.

Curtain" [17] are really complete novelettes—and in spite of the fact that publishers say that books of short stories do not sell, this book should be a success. Some of Miss Dell's novels have been very powerful, and incidentally popular, but there is a dramatic tone to her shorter work that is even better than when she is writing a hundred thousand word novel.

"Kenny," [18] by Leona Dalrymple, is a big improvement over "Diana of the Green Van," (and this, with all due respect to the fact that the latter was a prize book). It is the type of fiction that is light, and depends largely on the charm of the character for its interest. Kenny, himself, is as lovable an Irishman as fiction has set forth in many days. Then, too, there is a new story by the gifted Zona Gale,[19] a story that remotely suggests Friendship Village. It tells of Cosma Wakley, who suddenly believed in herself, and how she "makes good." Maria Thompson Daviess has given us another of her charming Harpath Valley stories, in "The Heart's Kingdom," [20] and when Miss Daviess writes about the folk she knows so well, she is writing in her most happy vain. She is an authoress who possesses a quiet humor and the happy faculty of drawing types that are quaint, yet never grotesque.

Various Books on Various Topics

Julian Street and Wallace Morgan have collaborated on a second "Abroad at Home" book, calling the new volume "American Adventures." [21] The book is a running comment in Mr. Street's happiest style of the things that they heard and saw in the South. The author and artist took their leisurely way through the principal cities of the coast states, and with quiet humor tell of meeting Virginia belles,

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[17] "The Safety Curtain and Other Stories," by Ethel M. Dell. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

[18] "Kenny," by Leona Dalymple. Reilley & Britton Co. $1.35 net.

[19] "A Daughter of the Morning," by Zona Gale. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.40 net.

[20] "The Heart's Kingdom," by Maria Thompson Daviess. Reilley & Britton Co. $1.35 net.

[21] "American Adventures," by Julian Street, with pictures by Wallace Morgan. The Century Co. $3.00 net.

Palm Beach celebrities, old New York Harbor ferry boats, Mississippi floods, and a very amusing gentleman named Judge Crutchfield.

George Herbert Clarke's collection of war poetry published under the title of "A Treasury of War Poetry," [26] was briefly mentioned last month, but the work is worthy of greater notice. It has been carefully compiled from the magazines, newspapers and books of the past three years, and contains some familiar verse, as well as a number of poems that have not received any great public attention. The volume, including the work of practically every well known poet writing in English, and having been interestingly classified by Mr. Clarke, is worthy of any library shelf and might easily be said to have a permanent place in English literature.

The poets, like the rest of the world, have felt the reaction of the war on their work, and some of them have gone so far as to issue volumes consisting largely of war songs. Everard Jack Appleton's "With The Colors" [27] is a volume of this description. The war poems are topical, good swinging verse for the most part, while the other verses, from the humorous lament of the small boy with a new baby at the house, to "When" addressed to the time of "The Unrepeated Call," and ending carrying with it a note which may be solace to those who will be forced to sacrifice kin or friend in this present war.

"Back to the Night, face to the coming Dawn,
Bid him God-speed, and then—Be glad he's gone!"

In "The Chinese Nightingale" [28] from which the new volume of Vachel Lindsay takes its name, the reader finds charming verse, and even to the most casual critic, verse that seems well worthy of the honor of having won the prize as the best contribution to a magazine of poetry during a year. But this long poem is by no means the only interesting verse in

[26] "A Treasury of War Poetry," Edited by George Herbert Clarke. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

[27] "With the Colors," by Everard Jack Appleton. Stewart & Kidd Co. $1.00 net.

[28] "The Chinese Nightingale," by Vachel Lindsay. The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

the new volume, for there is "The Merciful Hand" dedicated to an Edith Cavell, memorial nurse going to the front, a song of Kerensky, "Buffalo" which berates the city for its self importance when

"But only twenty miles away
A Deathless glory is at play—
Niagara, Niagara."

"Fighting for Peace," by Henry Van Dyke. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

"New Adventures," by Michael Monahan. George H. Doran Company. $2.00 net.

"On the Right of the British Line," by Captain Gilbert Nobbs. Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

"English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians," by Olive Dame Campbell and Cecil J. Sharp. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

"The Brazilians and Their Country," by Clayton Sedgwick Cooper. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $3.50 net.

"Helen of Four Gates," by An Ex-Mill-Girl. E. P. Dutton Co. $1.50 net.

"The Memoirs of Colonel John S. Mosby," by Charles Wells Russell. Little, Brown & Co. $3.00 net.

"Honest Abe," by Alonzo Rothschild. Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.00 net.

"My Fifty Years in the Navy," Rear Admiral Charles E. Clark, U. S. N. Little, Brown & Co. $2.50 net.

"The Terror," by Arthur Machen. Robert McBride & Co. $1.25 net.

"The Diary of a Nation," by E. S. Martin. Doubleday Page & Co.

"The World's Greatest Military Spies and Secret Service Agents," by George Barton, Page & Co. $2.00 net.

"If I Were Twenty-One," by William Maxwell. J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.25 net.

"The Spell of China," by Archie Bell. The Page Company. $2.50 net.

"Portmanteau Plays," by Stuart Walker. Stewart & Kidd Company. $1.50 net.

"Fifteen Thousand Useful Phrases," by Grenville Kleiser. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.60 net.

"A Short History of England," by Gilbert K. Chesterton. John Lane Company. $1.50 net.

"Trade Unionism in the United States," Robert F. Hoxie. D. Appleton Co. $2.50 net.

"The Wishing-Ring Man," by Margaret Widdemer. Henry Holt & Co. $1.35 net.

"The Long Lane's Turning," by Hallie Erminie Rives. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50 net.

"And the Captain Answered," by Octave Thanet. Bobbs-Merrill Co. 50c net.